

Cardinal Lavigerie and his work.

Ignem veni mittere in terram, et quid volo nisi ut accendatur?

THE illustrious prelate whose voice now re-echoes throughout Christendom, calling upon all nations to unite in a crusade for the suppression of slavery in the interior of Africa, His Eminence Cardinal Lavigerie, was born at Bayonne on October 31, 1825. His parents were pious Christians, held in much esteem by their fellow-townpeople: his father, a native of Angoulême, filled a position of authority in the Customs; his mother, Laure-Louise Latrilhe, was a daughter of the master of the royal mint. From his earliest childhood Charles-Martial Lavigerie found his greatest delight at assisting at the services of the Church; and when at play with his comrades, he loved nothing better than to re-enact with them the ceremonies he had witnessed. The decided predilection he evinced for the ecclesiastical state strengthened, as years went on, into a pronounced vocation, which his parents were too wise to oppose, although, as he was their eldest son, they had formed other plans for his future. He was sent to a school in his native town, an institution conducted by the Congregation of Priests of the Sacred Heart of Betharam. When thirteen years of age, he received the Sacrament of Confirmation at the hands of the newly-appointed Bishop of the diocese, Mgr. Lacroix, whose discourse, pronounced on that occasion, made a lasting impression on the boy's mind, and determined him in the following year, to declare definitely his desire to be a priest. His father accordingly took him to the Bishop. This was his first introduction into the episcopal presence, and the youthful aspirant felt rather awestruck when, on entering the salon of the palace, which appeared to him so vast and so grand, furnished as it was in gold-coloured velvet, he saw the good Bishop in his violet cassock, seated on the sofa, a kindly but yet an imposing figure.

Mgr. Lacroix knew how to set the child at once at his ease. Drawing him close to his side and laying his arm upon his shoulder with a caressing gesture, "So you have a vocation to the priesthood?" he inquired.

Emboldened by this kind reception, the boy's diffidence vanished. "Yes, monseigneur," he answered resolutely.

"And why do you wish it, my child?"

"I should like to be the parish priest in a village," was the reply.

The father stared at his son in astonishment, for he had never suspected him of having such rural tastes. The Bishop merely smiled, and said, "Well, first of all you shall go to the Seminary of Larressore, then afterwards you shall be whatever God wishes."

How different was the career reserved for Charles Lavigerie to that which his youthful dreams pictured to his imagination! He who would have chosen to pass his days in the peaceful seclusion of a country presbytery, his flock the simple peasantry of an obscure Bearnese village, was destined to take a prominent place among the princes and prelates of the Church, to make his name known throughout the world, to speak from the pulpit of crowded churches in all the capitals of Europe to educated and distinguished audiences, inviting them with persuasive eloquence to join in furthering the great work he is commissioned to undertake. Many a time in after-years, as he himself tells us, when wearied with the multifarious and harassing occupations of a more than busy life, have his thoughts recurred with wistful and regretful longing to those early visions of rustic tranquillity which melted away like the morning mist before the mid-day sun.

When he was fifteen years of age, M. Lavigerie removed his son from the diocesan Seminary to that of St. Michel in Paris, of which M. l'Abbé Dupanloup, afterwards Bishop of Orleans, was then Superior. To the lad who was leaving for the first time the bright sunshine and clear air, the picturesque and romantic scenery of his native place, where nature scatters her charms with prolific hand, the sombre old-fashioned house with its dark corridors, high walls, and confined courtyard, seemed, on his arrival there, nothing short of a prison. The weather, too, served to deepen the unfavourable impression he received, for it was chill October, and the gloomy building was enveloped in a wintry fog. What a contrast to the fair

scenes he had just left ! But the feeling of depression quickly passed away, for the spirit of fervour and charity which pervaded the institution, emanating from its beloved and revered head, soon communicated itself to the new-comer, illuminating his soul with a ray of that celestial sunshine which makes all things bright in the reflection of its own unchanging splendour.

Three years later, having finished his classical studies, Charles Lavigerie went for his philosophy and theology to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, where he remained until 1846, when Mgr. Affre, whose attention had been directed to him by one of his teachers, intimated to him his wish that he should go to study for his degree in the House of Studies formerly under the direction of the Carmelite Fathers, which had just been founded as a normal school for the lesser seminaries and colleges of France. This proposal was tantamount to a command ; the seminarist, who was already in minor orders, obeyed, and in less than a year subsequently to his entrance he took the degree of Bachelor and Licentiate of Arts. His course of theology, which had been broken off, was then resumed, and he successively received deacon's and priest's orders ; for the latter case a dispensation being required, as he was not quite twenty-four years of age. In 1850 he took his Doctor's degree, and was made Professor of Latin literature at the Carmelite House of Studies ; at the same time he was appointed Chaplain to the Benedictine nuns of the convent called *Le Temple*, since the scanty remuneration which was all the house could afford to give its professors was insufficient for their support. Three years later he was invited to compete for the chaplaincy of St. Geneviève ; the competitive examination by which the appointment was determined having been established with the view of keeping up the standard of learning amongst the younger clergy of the diocese. M. Lavigerie gained the post, but he did not fill it ; the talents he displayed had so struck one of the examiners that he induced the Archbishop of Paris to recommend him to the Minister of Public Instruction for the chair of ecclesiastical history at the Sorbonne.

The course of lectures given by the young professor, several of which were printed, are not without importance to the present sketch, since they show him to have been then, as ever, a staunch champion of the rights of the Holy See, and a firm upholder of Catholic doctrine in all its integrity. His lectures

on Jansenism especially are noteworthy as having roused into fresh activity the animosities of the past century, and brought upon him a violent onslaught from the partisans of Jansen and De Quesnel. But though his professional duties, of which he acquitted himself so well, left him free to engage in many good works, he felt his powers were cramped. The tranquil and somewhat monotonous life of a lecturer, while it called into play his literary talents and oratorical gifts, did not afford sufficient scope for the exercise of his energy and activity. M. Lavigerie was a born missionary, he needed a different and wider field of usefulness, and ere long this opened out before him.

A society had been formed amongst the leading Catholics of Paris for the purpose of extending the religious and political influence of France in the East by founding Catholic schools. It was felt that the organization and direction of this work must be placed in clerical hands, and at the request of the society, Father de Ravignan, who was M. Lavigerie's confessor, suggested to him one day that he should undertake the office. The proposal was unexpected, but M. Lavigerie required no time for deliberation. "If you think it is the will of God, Father, I am ready," he promptly replied. "I do think so." This simple rejoinder settled the matter, and from that day one may date the commencement of the Apostolic career which Cardinal Lavigerie has pursued with untiring zeal and marvellous success until the present time. In order to make the work known, and raise funds to carry it on, M. Lavigerie went week by week, when his duties at the Sorbonne permitted, to some fresh town to preach and collect contributions; beginning with those in the vicinity, he gradually extended the circle until more distant ones were included. And when on the outbreak of disturbances in the Lebanon in the commencement of 1860 a cry of distress rose from the Christians in the East, telling of villages pillaged and burnt, of the wholesale massacre of the inhabitants by ferocious and fanatical hordes of Druses and Mussulmans, of thousands of unhappy fugitives perishing from want and exposure, a liberal response was made on all sides to his appeal. France hastened to the succour of the Maronite Christians, for the Lebanon was under her protectorate. The Government sent out a military expedition, and M. Lavigerie volunteered to go as the representative of Christian charity, to distribute the alms that had been collected. No man could

have been found better fitted for the work ; the heart-rending scenes he witnessed, and the prompt measures he took to organize efficient and permanent means of succouring the suffering population, at the cost of great peril and fatigue, at the risk even of his own life, are described in touching and eloquent language in his *Voyage en Orient*, which he published on his return to Europe, whither he was followed by the benedictions of thousands of orphaned children and helpless women who were fed, clothed, and sheltered by his generous efforts.

On his arrival in France after an absence of six months, M. Lavigerie received the decoration of the Légion d'Honneur in recognition of the services he had rendered to the nation and to Christendom ; he was also appointed domestic prelate to His Holiness Pius the Ninth, and a member of the Court of the Rota. This latter appointment necessitated his residence in Rome, and the partial suspension of his apostolic labours, labours which were far more congenial to his nature than the duties of a diplomatist, or the sedentary functions of a judge. Two years later the bishopric of Nancy was offered him ; he accepted it without hesitation, and immediately after his consecration, which took place in Rome, he left the Eternal City to take possession of his see.

It was on the 10th of May, the feast of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, that he made his solemn entry into the cathedral church of Nancy. By choosing this day for his enthronization, he desired to place himself, his clergy, and his whole flock under the special protection of the Queen of Angels. Thanks to the zeal of his predecessors, Mgr. Lavigerie found ecclesiastical matters in his diocese in a satisfactory condition. The clergy were exact in the performance of their duties, various religious communities both of men and women occupied themselves with the education of the young, and numerous charitable and pious works met with cordial support from the laity. Still there was plenty for the new Bishop to do. No means of maintenance existed for priests who, contenting themselves with the bare necessities of life, had distributed the remainder of their slender income to the poor, when they were no longer equal to the performance of their sacerdotal functions, on account of ill-health, or the weight of advancing years. Mgr. Lavigerie's first care was to raise a fund, which he established on a firm basis, for sick and superannuated

members of the Priesthood. Having thus provided for those who had borne the burden of the day and the heats, he turned his attention to the labourers who were about to enter the vineyard, more especially to those seminarists who intended to devote themselves to the work of education. It was an acknowledged fact throughout the diocese that the educational institutions under the management of priests were unquestionably superior, in regard to religious and moral training, to the secular schools, but far inferior to them in regard to classical and scientific instruction. In order to remedy this defect, the Bishop opened a House of Higher Studies at Nancy, where future professors and teachers in colleges and schools could pass the examination for their degree; he also founded a special house under the direction of three experienced priests, exclusively for theological students, deeming it advisable that they should live apart from their fellow-collegians who were studying for the legal or medical professions, in order to be trained in an interior spirit and the practice of solid virtues. What more important service could he render to society than thus to form the men who were to be the guides and directors of others? As the result of his efforts, it may be said that in no diocese of France do the seminaries and institutions for the training of the clergy enjoy so high a reputation as do those of Nancy. The pastoral letters addressed at frequent intervals to his clergy show how anxious he was to keep up to a high standard of spirituality the souls intrusted to his care.

The diocese of Nancy was, however, soon to be deprived of this able ruler. In November, 1866, the Bishop of Algiers died, and Marshal MacMahon immediately offered the vacant see to Mgr. Lavigerie.

This offer was certainly one of no worldly advantage. The see of Algiers, though one of the most important in the French dominions, gave to its occupant a position inferior to that of the other bishops, the duties connected with it were not a little onerous and difficult, and in the case of Mgr. Lavigerie, it involved exile from his country, and the painful sacrifice of leaving all he loved, of abandoning the work he had just commenced. Yet these considerations, far from acting as a deterrent, decided him to accept it. Where the glory of God and the salvation of souls were concerned, it was not in his ardent and generous heart to shrink from the prospect of

sacrifice and labour ; he had the soul of an apostle and rejoiced to be called to carry on the great work of civilization and evangelization among infidels and heathens, to extend the empire of the Cross on the shores where the flag of France was already planted. With all humility too, he could not but be conscious that he was well qualified for the post ; his recent experience in Egypt and Syria having taught him what was needed for the christianization of the lands under his country's rule, and the consolidation of the French power in the north of Africa. For this end the assimilation of races was indispensable, and none knew better than he that this could only be effected by conciliatory measures, by the establishment of works of charity, and above all by French schools for the native children. Were the policy of separation pursued by the Government persisted in, he was not afraid to affirm, no advance in the desired direction was possible ; centuries might elapse, and every one of the aboriginal inhabitants would still be found just as firmly attached to the creed of Islam, just as thoroughly at heart inimical to France. Actuated by these motives, Mgr. Lavigerie accepted the proposal of the Government, to the surprise of all and the disappointment of many, for in the public opinion he was marked out as destined for the highest dignities of the Church.

In the letter wherein Pope Pius the Ninth signified his approval of the translation of the Bishop of Nancy to the see of Algiers, he announced that he was about to erect the latter into an archbishopric, with as suffragans the two newly-created bishoprics of Constantine and Oran. In March of the following year, Mgr. Lavigerie was preconized, and entered upon his fresh sphere of action.

A vast horizon now lay before him, a mission worthy of his zeal, and of the vigorous energy and intelligent devotion he brought to it. Who can wonder at the emotion which filled his heart as he neared the shores of Africa, rich with historic memories, with monuments of a past greatness ; the land where Cæsar fought and Augustine preached, whose soil is dyed with the blood of martyrs, consecrated by the tears of penitents, hallowed by the footsteps of saints ? To his mind flocked, as he states in his first Pastoral, the traditions of the once flourishing African Church, the home of faith, persecuted by pro-consuls, ravaged by Vandals, finally subjugated by the fanatical followers of a false prophet ; and with these

thoughts came hope for the future, the hope of a new nation that should rise from the ashes of the past, of a new Church of Africa which should in its turn conquer the nations, not with the sword of man, but with the Gospel of Christ. But before entering upon his work the new Archbishop repaired to Rome to receive the blessing of the Supreme Pontiff, and celebrate the centenary of St. Peter in the capital of Christendom; thence he proceeded to Paris to confer with the Government on matters relative to the administration of his diocese. Three months elapsed before he again embarked for Algiers, and he ran no small risk of never reaching it, for it was the season of the equinoctial gales, and a sudden storm so disabled the vessel which bore the Archbishop that the destruction of all on board seemed imminent. But Mgr. Lavigerie invoked Our Lady of Africa, and the port was reached in safety; it was in consequence of a vow made on this occasion that he founded prayers and Masses for mariners in peril by sea, at the Chapel of Our Lady Star of the Sea, a place of pilgrimage on the coast.

During his absence a terrible scourge, the cholera, had fallen on the population of Algeria, carrying off very many victims. The prelate himself was prostrated by illness, before he had time to encourage with his example the clergy, who with prayers and zealous efforts, sought to check the progress of the epidemic. After the pestilence came famine; the latter—and probably the former, too—resulting from two years of drought combined with official mismanagement. It was the history of the plagues of Egypt over again, for a swarm of locusts, devouring every green thing, added to the desolation of the land, while an outbreak of typhus completed the misery. The natives, with the patient resignation—not to say apathy—engendered by Moslem fatalism, met their fate uncomplainingly, murmuring the name of *Allah*; the wayside was strewn with the dead and dying. Mgr. Lavigerie's paternal heart bled for the woes of his people; he appealed to the whole of Christendom on their behalf, and contributions in money and offers of assistance flowed in from every side. Not satisfied with temporary measures of relief, he opened orphanages to receive the starving children; they were soon filled to overflowing. "I was blamed for imprudence," he says, "I had first one, then ten, then all who came, or whom my priests, by my orders, picked up on the roadside; before long I had two

thousand on my hands." First singly, then in troops, the unfortunate little beings presented themselves—a pitiable spectacle, emaciated, covered with rags and vermin, their hollow eyes bright with the unnatural lustre of fever. From November, 1867, to June, 1868, when a good harvest put an end to the distress, no less than one thousand eight hundred were received in the two principal orphanages; of these some five hundred died, others were claimed by relatives, while about one thousand remained to be provided for at the Archbishop's expense. This was the origin of the institution for Arab children which has been so important a factor in the accomplishment of the work to which Mgr. Lavigerie had devoted his life, the conversion of Northern Africa.

To rescue these children from an untimely grave was the primary, but not the principal object in view; to rescue them from the fatal fanaticism of the Moslem creed, to enlighten their minds by religious and moral training, to form them to habits of industry and thrift, was a higher and a less easy task. Land was bought and villages constructed where the *children of the marabout* (the name of marabout is given indiscriminately to all ministers of religion) when they grew up to man's estate, might settle and maintain themselves by the labour of their hands; villages which became centres of civilizing influence for the surrounding districts. The Arabs from the neighbouring mountains would bring their sick to the priests to be healed, and respectfully ask their blessing, showing their appreciation of the spirit of self-sacrificing charity, of the order and peace that prevailed in these homesteads by such remarks as the following: "It is certain that all Christians will be damned, but you will not, for you are true believers, you know the one God." The aptitude wherewith in some cases religious truth was received by the children, and the touching gratitude and attachment they exhibited to their adoptive Father, was often most consoling. The Archbishop tells how on one occasion a young man presented himself before him, and kneeling down, timidly begged that he might as a great favour be permitted to make him a pair of shoes, the very best that could be manufactured, of the finest varnished leather, as a gift from himself and his fellow-orphans. And after taking the necessary measurements he went away in triumph, exclaiming, "Oh, how happy it will make my comrades, to hear that Monseigneur will accept a pair of my shoes!"

Like all to whom Providence entrusts the execution of an important mission, Mgr. Lavigerie had innumerable obstacles to overcome and difficulties to struggle with. Apart from the ineradicable and inveterate hatred of the name of Christian inherited in the native population, he had to combat jealous antagonism on the part of the colonists, while from the French Governors he met not only with no support, but with systematic hostility and obstinate opposition. Calumny and misrepresentation, too, were not idle at the French Court; so that had Mgr. Lavigerie possessed less devotion to his cause, less courage, firmness of character and force of will, he could not have maintained his ground and escaped defeat in the strife which the enemy of souls stirred up against him.

Meanwhile it must not be supposed that the absorbing interests of his work as an apostle caused Mgr. Lavigerie to be in any wise neglectful of his duties as Archbishop; on the contrary the affairs of his diocese were administered with no less vigilant care than if they alone had a claim on his attention. Space forbids us to follow in detail his zealous action; suffice it to say that in a short period of time eighty-nine new churches, mostly of considerable size and architectural beauty, were erected in Algiers and other towns, seminaries and colleges for the training of ecclesiastics were established, the solemn processions of Corpus Christi, prohibited by order of the Governor, were revived, and a body of priests of their own nation obtained to minister to the spiritual needs of the eighty thousand Spaniards who formed part of the colony. Nor was this good Prelate heedless of the material interests of his flock. On his former visit to the East, he had been much impressed with the advantage that might be derived by the cultivation of vast tracts of land lying utterly waste, especially in the case of religious communities, who could thus supply themselves at least in part with the means of maintenance in regions where the soil is so fertile and productive, and money so scarce.

One of the greatest obstacles to the work of the Apostolate is the lack of funds. Personal devotion is not wanting, as is testified by the number of priests and religious who are desirous of spreading the Gospel, and are ready to lay down their lives for Christ. But the growth of missions is arrested and their success crippled by the inability to find means of support in distant lands. It was on this account that Mgr. Lavigerie urged the religious communities engaged in mission work in

the East, to employ some of their members in agricultural pursuits; he also made representations to the same effect to the Algerian Government, by which, although clerical enterprise generally was regarded with scant favour, the justice of his remarks was fully acknowledged, so much so, in fact, that he was called the chief colonist of Algeria (*le premier colon de l'Algérie*) a title of which he was not a little proud, for he considered the welfare and advancement of the colony as identical with that of the mother-country France, his own country which he loved so well.

We have already remarked, when speaking of Mgr. Lavigerie's professorship at the Sorbonne, on his loyal attachment to the Holy See, and the open profession he made, on the occasion of his lectures on Jansenism, of his belief in Papal Infallibility. It may now be added that he had a profound aversion to theological controversy, though his studies during the ten years that he was Professor of Theology in Paris, previous to entering upon the life of incessant activity which he had led since his elevation to the episcopate, rendered him well qualified to take part in them. "In all questions touching faith and morals," he would say, "it is for us to follow implicitly the decisions of the Holy See; and devotion to the Supreme Pontiff, who is the corner-stone on whom rests the edifice of faith, should be our distinguishing characteristic, our chief pride." Thus before leaving for Rome, to take part in the Œcumenical Council, he expressed his determination to hold aloof from all discussions concerning the opportuneness of the definition of the Papal Infallibility. "It is of primary importance," he said in his farewell address to his clergy, "that in these days of strife and contention, when we have to sustain the attacks of many adversaries of God and His Church, that Catholics should offer to the world an example of unity, that they should be one heart and one soul with their Head. For my part I only desire to be on the side of the Pope and the majority of bishops." Nor on his arrival in Rome could he be persuaded to depart from his resolution, though strenuous efforts were made to induce him to identify himself with one or the other party. This attitude was all the more difficult to maintain, as he had to resist the solicitations of his two Suffragans, who entered hotly into the debate, and were both adverse to the definition of the dogma. Most painful of all was it to him, one of the greatest griefs, he affirmed, of his whole

life, to be compelled to separate himself from some of his best and oldest friends, especially Mgr. Maret, who on the occasion of his exchanging the see of Nancy for that of Algiers, was almost the only one who understood and appreciated his motives. This prelate published on the eve of the Council, a work in which he defended the Gallican theses, and argued against Papal Infallibility. Mgr. Lavigerie thought it his duty to remonstrate with him, but his words failed to make any impression. (In justice to Mgr. Maret it must be added that immediately upon the definition of the dogma he withdrew the book from circulation, at considerable pecuniary loss to himself.)

As the affairs of his diocese urgently required his presence in Algeria, the Archbishop sought and obtained permission from Pius the Ninth to return thither before the close of the Council, so that he was absent when the dogma was proclaimed. On the tidings of its proclamation reaching him, he instantly telegraphed to the Archbishop of Bourges, who was in Rome, to lay his submission at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff; not content with this, he assembled all the clergy of the diocese, read aloud the acts of the Council, and called on them not only to declare their adhesion and loyal acceptance of them *viva voce*, but to sign an address to the Pope expressing the same sentiments. Nor could he be satisfied without including all the dioceses of the Province in this act of adhesion; a Provincial Council was accordingly convoked to promulgate in the first place the Vatican decrees, and in the second place to deliberate on the affairs of the diocese. This Council was opened with great solemnity, and in a long and eloquent discourse the Archbishop spoke of the authority of the Church, the necessity of maintaining purity of doctrine and strictness of discipline, of the evils and errors of the day, and the weapons wherewith they are to be combated.

After this formal profession of faith, which was followed by the discussion and arrangement of local matters, Mgr. Lavigerie was at liberty to turn his attention to the work he had so much at heart, the gathering in of the other sheep which were not of this fold, but which too he must bring; to missionary effort that is, in the interior in Africa, beyond the bounds of the colony where, as we have seen, his freedom of action was sometimes hampered, and the execution of his plans checked by popular prejudice and official interference. Already five years

previously, when casting his eye over the fields white for the harvest, and looking round for labourers whom he could send to reap the harvest which he yearned for, he felt the necessity of founding a congregation of priests who would devote themselves exclusively to the work of the Apostolate. The clergy under his rule, though they were all that he could wish them to be, faithful, zealous, active, barely suffered for the needs of the diocese; moreover, impressed as they were with the conviction that any intercourse, even that of simple charity, with the natives would be looked on with disapproval, they had not attempted to learn their language, or manifested any desire to enter upon mission work amongst them. One day when Mgr. Lavigerie was thinking over the steps to be taken, the Superior of the Seminary at Kouba entered, accompanied by three young seminarists. This ecclesiastic, generally known among the Algerian clergy, all of whom owned their training to him, by the name of "the Eternal Father," on account of his great age and venerable appearance, had been looking forward for nearly forty years to the moment when France, by whose arms its gates had already been opened, should carry into the heart of this vast continent the Gospel of peace; and knowing that the Archbishop cherished the same wishes, that it was in fact the hope of realizing them that had led him to accept the see of Algiers, he now conducted to him three of his pupils who offered themselves for the mission. "If it please God," he said, "this will be the commencement of the work both you and I so ardently desire." Then the aged man, a worthy son of St. Vincent of Paul, kneeling down, bent his snowy head to receive the episcopal blessing.

Providence furnished Mgr. Lavigerie with the means of training these young aspirants, for at this juncture two saintly religious came to winter in Algiers for the benefit of the climate, the one a Jesuit, the other a St. Sulpician; a house was hired, and to their charge the future missionaries were confided. Such was the first novitiate of the Society of African Missions which Mgr. Lavigerie was to found; and he rejoiced to see typified in the three men, who were, so to speak, the nursing-fathers of this work when in its infancy, the three virtues most necessary for the Apostolate: the charity of St. Vincent of Paul, the faith of St. Ignatius, the sacerdotal sanctity of M. Olier. During the course of five years the number of novices increased daily, and when in 1873 the Society was

formally approved by the Provincial Council, many zealous missionaries were at work in various parts of the diocese, and others were ready to go forth on the glorious but perilous enterprise to which they were called. Those who really love souls count no sacrifice too costly, no labour too great if they can but serve them and save them, and Mgr. Lavigerie did not conceal from his missionaries the difficulties, the hardships, the sufferings they were about to encounter. "No ordinary measure of zeal and heroism, of virtue and prudence," he said to them, "is necessary to secure success in this undertaking. That which encourages one to hope that you are indeed chosen as instruments to kindle the light of truth in the dense darkness which covers the land once cursed by God for Cham's sake, and teach the unhappy African race who have so long experienced the effects of the Divine anger, to know how great is the Divine mercy, is the spirit of renunciation and sacrifice wherewith I rejoice to see you animated.

"In this mission you will have much to suffer, more perhaps than in any other, from poverty and fatigue, from hunger and thirst, from scorching heat and exhausting fever, and, as you penetrate further into these heathen lands where cannibalism still lingers and slavery exists in its most degrading forms, from the brutality of the barbarous inhabitants. But these things, calculated it would appear to repel you, are precisely what attracts you to this work. On one of your number, a priest from one of the most tranquil dioceses of France, presenting to me his papers for my authorization to say Mass, I wrote across them, instead of the usual formula, the words: 'Endorsed for martyrdom' (*Vu pour le martyre*); and said as I returned them to him, 'Read that, are you prepared for it?' 'It is for that I have come here,' was his reply. And you too, one and all, have heard the same inquiry, and made the same answer."

The Society of African Missions was consolidated, and its Rules and Constitutions canonically approved by the Provincial Council in 1873. A Chapter was convoked for the purpose of electing a Superior and the members of his Council; the congregation would fain have had for their first Superior their venerated founder, but he declined the charge on account of the multifold and pressing duties which already rested upon him. The Rev. Father Duguerry, nephew to the martyred Curé of the Madeleine, was chosen for the post, and to him the material ad-

ministration of the work was confided ; Mgr. Lavigerie retaining the right of direction and jurisdiction as Apostolic Delegate of the Sahara, a title recently conferred on him by the Holy See. To the newly-formed congregation he also gave the charge of all the various works he had set on foot for the evangelization of Africa, for he felt that institutions which depend upon an individual too often die with him, and he could not rest content without having assured the future of the charitable works he had called into being.

It was to the south of Algeria, in the Mohammedan districts bordering on the Western Sahara, that the missionaries first endeavoured to establish a footing. In the beginning small results rewarded their efforts ; prudence forbade them to preach openly, and they could only attempt to win the confidence of the people by acts of kindness. Before long, two who set out in the hope of reaching Timbuctoo, the capital of the Soudan, were cruelly put to death by the natives, just before the goal of their journey was reached. The *White Fathers*, as they were called on account of the long white Arab robe they wore, then essayed to penetrate into the interior another way, but they too, three in number, fell victims to the treachery of their guides, and Mgr. Lavigerie had to restrain the zeal of his sons. Other Fathers turned their steps in the direction of Barbary and Kabylia, whose inhabitants had once been Christian ; their conversion seemed more hopeful than that of the Arabs, whose rule they had long resisted, and whose creed they had reluctantly embraced. These regions had been visited by the Archbishop on his coming to Algiers ; it was there that the first permanent station was made, and in the course of time many were added, the lack of men to carry on the work being the main obstacle to its progress.

In the shadow, as it were, of the Missionary Seminary, Mgr. Lavigerie laid the foundations of another institution, that of Missionary Sisters, who should supplement the efforts of the priests, by labouring for the evangelization of the women, who in Mohammedan and in many heathen lands, are excluded by the restrictions of custom from profiting by the ministrations of teachers who are not of their own sex. For the regeneration of the female portion of the population, therefore, and through them of the family, women are required, who can approach them freely, relieve the monotony of their secluded life, sympathize in their sorrows, touch their hearts, and raise them from their degra-

dation by telling them of one, the glory of her sex, who removed from the daughters of Eve the curse which had so long weighed on them. Mgr. Lavigerie did not look in vain for Sisters willing to devote themselves to this work. In prompt response to his call, a community came from his former diocese of Nancy, and took up their abode in a humble house at Kouba, where in the time of famine Arab girls were received. Vocations were not wanting, and ere long the tiny seed had become a wide-spreading tree.

The accumulated labours attendant on the creation and support of missions, in addition to the regular work of the diocese, proved a burden too great even for Mgr. Lavigerie's resolute will and untiring energy, and he felt the necessity of taking a coadjutor who should relieve him of a part of his episcopal functions. It was well that he did so, for his health, never strong, shortly after gave cause for serious apprehension; an hereditary malady, aggravated by overwork and exposure during a most inclement winter, gained ground so rapidly as to necessitate change of air and a period of complete rest. The Archbishop therefore decided to spend a winter in Rome; the temporary separation from his flock and suspension of work was a hard trial, but where else than at the feet of the Prisoner of the Vatican could he learn patient endurance of suffering, courage and resignation? It pleased God to hear the prayers offered on his behalf; he returned to Algiers with restored health and renewed vigour. Nor during his absence had he been unmindful of his flock; to increase the devotion to Our Lady of Africa, he had obtained from the Holy Father rich Indulgences to be gained at her sanctuary; the thoughts of death too, suggested by his illness, reminded him how little was done for the souls in Purgatory. Accordingly, in a Pastoral Letter he urged upon the faithful the duty of offering their suffrages for the departed, and enjoined on the clergy the observance of the pious custom, common to Catholic countries, of going in procession to the cemetery on All Souls' day. And in order to sustain and augment the cultus of the saints of Africa, the patrons of the colony, those bishops, martyrs, anchorites, virgins of former days, whose illustrious lives and heroic deaths are the edification and glory of the Church in all times, he ordered that their litanies should be sung at Benediction on Sundays and festivals.

It will be remembered that Mgr. Lavigerie, with the full

consent of the village communes, established schools and institutions outside his diocese for the exercise of the corporal works of mercy, hoping by good example and kindly influence, without any direct attempt to proselytize, to lessen the hatred and contempt wherewith the followers of the Prophet regard the "Christian dogs," and prepare the minds of the rising generation to accept the Catholic faith. Such a policy alone could bridge over the gulf, create amicable relations between the conquerors and the conquered, and ultimately bring about the assimilation of races indispensable to the welfare and security of the colony. But his efforts met with obstinate opposition on the part of the French Government, then represented in Algeria by Marshal MacMahon. Mgr. Lavigerie did not give way as his predecessors had done, and in consequence there existed for some time considerable tension in his relations with the military governor. On the fall of the Third Empire, however, the state of affairs was changed, and the two authorities stood once more on a friendly footing. Among others the testimony of General Wimpffen, whose liberal and anti-religious sentiments are well known, to the beneficial effects of the various *œuvres* connected with the diocese is too valuable to be omitted. "I cannot sufficiently thank you, monseigneur," he wrote, "for the service you render to our unhappy orphans, and to the colony in general. Your work deserves to be supported, not only by public benevolence, but by the State. Whether the children remain a long or short time under your care they will assuredly never forget the kindness to which they owe the preservation of their lives, and the new ideas they will have imbibed are the surest guarantee of future friendly intercourse between the two races. I am proud to be associated with you in this work, the most noteworthy of the day, which your energy and charity has initiated."

The work, useful alike from a political and a Christian point of view, was destined to receive a severe blow. In 1877, the Chamber of Deputies, in voting the Budget, diminished by one half the grant for the charitable institutions and public worship in Algeria; and in the following year the Council of Algiers, infected with the radicalism of the day, suppressed the grant for the support of the religious communities engaged in active work in the department. The Archbishop was distressed but not disheartened; protest was in vain, and the work could not be stopped: recourse was had to subscriptions, and private

charity supplied what public irreligion withheld. Nor did the Local Government confine itself to imitating the action of the mother-country in regard to material interests: the teaching of the Catechism in public schools was ere long prohibited. Such were some of the many trials and difficulties inseparable from the government of this large and important diocese; and in addition to this "daily instance, the solicitude for all the Churches" under his care, there rested upon Mgr. Lavigerie a heavy weight of responsibility in the direction and extension of the missions of which in virtue of his title of Apostolic Delegate he was superior. His health, though improved, was far from robust; and feeling himself unequal longer to sustain the twofold burden laid on him, he determined to give up a part of it. Judging after due deliberation that it would be easier to replace him in the functions of Archbishop than in those of Superior of the foundation he had himself made, he wrote to the Pope requesting permission to resign the Archbishopric, and withdraw to the Mission-House where he could devote himself exclusively to the development of the work. Pius the Ninth withheld his consent to this proposal, but he agreed to the appointment of a new coadjutor for the diocese.

We must now direct our attention to the foundation of the missions of Central Africa, that grand and colossal enterprise, the accomplishment of which was the leading idea of Mgr. Lavigerie's life, and beside which all others appear of secondary importance. All along the coast of Africa, from the French colony in the north to the English settlement at the Cape, the peaceful soldiers of the Cross had already landed their forces and conquered a portion of territory, but the interior remained completely inaccessible. Individual travellers, who from time to time sought to explore its depths, generally paid for their temerity with their lives, and until the last twenty years the veil of darkness shrouding the vast continent had not been lifted. To carry civilization into the only portion of the globe whither it had not penetrated, appeared an object worthy of this age of enlightenment, and in 1876, an International Association was formed at Brussels to unite all nations in a common effort. The expedition proved a failure; but it had the effect of placing the condition of Africa before the notice of Europe. The Head of Christendom comprehended the importance of the movement. He took in the situation at a glance, and saw that it was incumbent on the Catholic Church to take the initiative, and enter the

field before the Evangelical Societies of England and America formed their scheme of conquest, since it is to the teachers of truth, not the disseminators of error that the words are addressed: "Going teach ye all nations." Looking around for gladiators to step into this perilous arena, it was to the Society of Algerian missionaries that the Holy Father applied for men whose generous devotion and intrepid courage fitted them for the awful privations, perils, and trials of the undertaking.

On March 25, 1878, the first missionaries started for Zanzibar. Five were bound to Lake Nyanza, five to Lake Tanganyika. The former were fifteen months reaching their destination, so great were the obstacles they encountered; nor did they arrive with undiminished numbers: the Superior of the little band succumbed to equatorial fever on the way. They were, however, well received by the ruler of the district, who allowed them to establish a mission; and, emboldened by this unexpected success, in 1880 Mgr. Lavigerie despatched another band of six missionaries, with an escort of six young soldiers, formerly Papal Zouaves, who volunteered to share with them, and, if possible, protect them from, the dangers of the route. Alas! before a year had past, eight of these brave pioneers of Christianity had found an untimely grave amid the burning plains of the equator. In the Mission of Tanganyika, too, three fell victims to their devotion to the cause of Africa, by whose sons they were barbarously slaughtered. Time forbids us to recount the various trials and triumphs of these infant missions; we will only mention the principal obstacles to their progress. One is the Moslem creed, which is rapidly and forcibly advancing southwards, offering to the heathen the option between conversion and slavery, and which, at the time we speak of, had already begun to cast its baneful shadow over Central Africa; another, the influence of Protestant missionaries; a third, polygamy. In addition to these which are common to all African missions, are others peculiar to the equatorial regions: the poisonous climate, engendering the deadly tropical fever; the utter indifference to religion of the aborigines, who, sunk in idolatry of the lowest type, seem unable to conceive the idea of a Supreme Being; the want of funds to supply the enormous expenditure these expeditions involve, and last and greatest of all, the terrible evil of slavery. It is needless to expatiate here on the horrors of slave-hunting and the slave trade, for they are well known to the reader; moreover, Cardinal

Lavigerie has spoken of them in forcible language, reminding us how the unhappy natives are surprised by night, dragged from their homes, driven like cattle across burning plains, the weaker ones left to die of hunger and despair by the way, or struck down with a murderous blow, the others sold into the service of Turks or other Mussulmans; and calling upon Christian Europe to put a stop to this abominable traffic, to which as many as four hundred thousand negroes are annually victimized.

The tidings of the trials and premature death of their brethren in Africa only served to inflame the zeal of the *White Fathers*; their Superior found himself constrained to moderate, nay, almost to condemn their thirst for sacrifice, their rash ardour, the sublime foolishness of the Cross, which is a distinctive mark of the true Apostle. Animated by these sentiments, fresh bands went forth from the Mother-house to fill the gaps left by those who had fallen, and carry the standard of the Gospel further into the depths of the Dark Continent. The message of salvation had already obtained grand and unhopèd-for results, when a cruel persecution broke out at Nyanza. The spirit of zeal, faith, and heroism communicated by the Founder of the Congregation to his sons, and through them to their neophytes, showed itself in the steadfastness wherewith this new trial was borne; the negro, savage and degraded, as he is in his natural state, is capable, when transformed by Divine grace, of displaying the sublime devotion of the confessor and martyr. In fact, such was the courage and calmness of the native Christian under frightful torture and in the face of death, that their persecutors declared them to be under the influence of magic. In the other missions of Central Africa the work progressed more peacefully: ten years have now elapsed since the first messengers of the Gospel set their feet upon the soil; the missions are divided into four vicariates, at the head of which are two Bishops, chosen by Mgr. Lavigerie from amongst his first subjects.

We must now return to Northern Africa, where the sphere of Mgr. Lavigerie's activity was to be further extended. The missions in the Regency of Tunis had been intrusted to the Italian Capuchin Fathers, whose Superior and Bishop, a man greatly advanced in years, resigned his post shortly before the occupation of the Province by the French. In virtue of their Protectorate, the latter demanded that a French Bishop should be appointed to the vacant see, whereas the Italians, who formed

an equally important element in the colony, naturally wished for one of their own nationality. In order not to foment the rivalry already existing in the political relations of the two nations, the Holy Father postponed his decision, and nominated the Archbishop of Algiers provisionally to administrate the ecclesiastical affairs of the Province *ad interim*. Although, as has been seen, he was already over-burdened with work, Mgr. Lavigerie did not refuse the additional labour, saying with the Apostle: "I will most gladly spend and be spent myself for your souls." On assuming the jurisdiction of Tunis, his first act was to erect new churches, the existing accommodation being utterly inadequate for the twenty thousand Catholics of the town. An episcopal residence was also wanting, as his predecessor had dwelt in the Capuchin monastery; he undertook to construct one. The next thing was to create a secular clergy, and in order to raise funds for seminaries, he appealed to the Bishops of France to make a collection in their respective dioceses. But although he was extremely popular amongst the people, Mgr. Lavigerie had considerable opposition to contend against; the Capuchin Fathers objected to being under a French Prelate, and although his policy was invariably one of pacification and conciliation, it was impossible to avoid exciting national animosities. His promotion to the Cardinalate, above all, served to fan to a flame the smouldering jealousy of the anti-French faction, who went so far as to declare that the Pope had thereby offered a direct affront to Italy, and sought to damage her interests in Africa. But the fact was that the idea of making Mgr. Lavigerie a Cardinal was no new one; before the time when the affairs of Tunis began to create political rivalry between the two nations, Leo the Thirteenth, in the commencement of his Pontificate, had sounded the French Government in order to ascertain whether the proposal to bestow the purple on the Archbishop of Algiers, for whom he had the highest esteem, would be acceptable. Marshal MacMahon, with whom, when he was Governor of Algeria, the Archbishop had had some differences, was then President of the Republic, and the suggestion was negatived. In the following year, however, a new President having taken office, on another vacancy occurring in the Sacred College, the dignity was conferred on Mgr. Lavigerie, an honour of which the virtues that adorned him, the zeal he showed in reviving religion and propagating the faith, and the eminent services he had

rendered his country, made him most worthy. On his return from Rome, whither he went to receive the insignia of his dignity, he was welcomed with demonstrations of the utmost respect and affection, a perfect ovation being prepared for him.

Space forbids us to enumerate even in part the various *œuvres* which the newly-created Cardinal commenced and carried on in the Province of Tunis: churches, schools, colleges, hospitals, refuges, were constructed; various religious orders and congregations, cloistered and active, were invited to found houses, in order that the former by their life of prayer and penance, the latter by engaging in charitable works, might convert the sinner, reclaim the fallen, teach the ignorant, and call down the mercies of God on the land from which His face had for a little while been hidden. The bishopric of Carthage—now attached to that of Algiers—was, at his instance, elevated to its former rank of metropolitan see, to mark the resurrection of the ancient African Church; and Christian life once more grew and flourished in Tunis. The brilliant success of these numerous undertakings excited, however, the malice and envy of some of the townspeople, especially the Italian Jews, of whom there were as many as forty thousand in Tunis. The French atheists too, enraged to see him advancing the cause of truth, brought accusations against this exemplary Prelate; it was said that he had amassed great riches for himself in Africa, and that the public safety was imperilled by the fanaticism of his missionaries; a baseless calumny which soon fell to the ground.

Somewhat later, another and a more severe attack of illness caused great alarm to the Cardinal's friends. Scarcely had he recovered before he repaired to France to solicit alms for the support of the African seminaries, on account of the withdrawal of the Government grant. His appeal was warmly responded to, the sum subscribed surpassing all expectations; Catholic France, as we know well, is ready to forward every good work, and in her generous support of foreign missions more especially, she distances by far all the rest of Europe. And the same eloquent voice that then evoked her ready sympathy, has lately been heard amongst ourselves; it is still heard throughout Christendom, where it has made a deep impression, appealing for the liberation of the African from the savage cruelties of his Moslem conqueror.

In concluding this retrospective sketch of what the unremit-

ting zeal, the ardent charity, the untiring energy of the "Apostle of Africa" has accomplished for the cause of Catholicism and civilization during the twenty-five years of his most fruitful episcopate, let us express the hope that he may be long spared to continue his labours; and that the great work that he has begun may, in spite of the terrible difficulties that surround it, be carried on until the curse of slavery has been as completely blotted out in Africa, as it has, through the mercy of God, from the continent of Europe and North America.

A Public School of a Past Generation.

BY AN OLD WYKEHAMIST.

THE famous College of Winchester, as it is the oldest, so also is it the most interesting of our great English public schools. Partly, no doubt, this sentiment attaches to it from the mere fact of its age; for an institution which has celebrated its five hundredth birthday, a kind of silver jubilee in the secular periods of humanity, has gained something of the same prescriptive character in the sociological order, as mountains and hills possess in regard to external nature; we know indeed that such things are transitory, but we almost fail to conceive existence as continuing without them. Much too is due to the example set by the "holy Henry" in choosing the constitution devised by Wykeham as a model and rule for his own royal college at Eton, that *matre pulchra filia pulchrior*, the playing-fields of which have, as we know upon distinguished authority, proved a nursery-ground for the training of heroes. But the associations which most come home to us, at all events to Catholics, are the curious survivals of the faith and intention of the founder, which are, or were forty years ago, still to be found amongst the practices at Winchester. Thus, for example, every morning we were called, in summer at five, and in winter at six, by a summons from the chapel bell, known as "first peal," but which was no other than the Angelus; and every evening at a quarter to nine p.m. throughout the school-year we were summoned to "night prayers" in the ante-chapel by that same peal. Of course no Angelus ever was said, nor had any one of the boys, or possibly of the authorities, any notion as to following what they would have held to be the idolatrous example of the Archangel. But the Angelus pealed as clearly and distinctly as in the days of the founder; and I well remember how when I first heard it ring out as a Catholic, in the little room at St. George's, just five minutes

after my reception into the Church by the venerable Dr. Grant, that saintly prelate said to me: "You see our Lady welcomes you," and a familiar voice seemed to come from the bell itself: "At last you understand my meaning." But in truth through the whole constitution of life at the College there was ever perceptible an under-current of suppressed Catholicity, like the dull roar of a stream which has been hidden up from day, and of which we catch a glimpse now and again through some broken arch, but never know its depth or resistless intensity.

The town of Winchester, where five hundred years ago our honoured founder, William of Wykeham—in my private cultus I always feel tempted to prefix the saint—exercised the office of Bishop of the diocese, and Chancellor of England, and which we boys used to regard as a kind of suburb to the College, was one of those quaint old cities, the delight of such writers as the elder Hawthorne and Anthony Trollope. Nothing ever moved, but nothing exactly stood still. Life flowed along in a calm and lucid stream like its own silvery Itchin; and centuries passed away with less fuss and friction than are crowded elsewhere into as many years. At the top of the High Street, the single great street of the town, stood the old city gate; near the bottom, at the entrance of the Cathedral Close, rose the beautiful market cross. A grand avenue led—not straight, but at a slight angle—up to the western door of the huge Cathedral, the elder sister of the College by some few centuries, a shapeless mass outside, but rivalling within the grandest of European buildings. That venerable pile had seen the days of the Confessor, and contained a whole history in its multifarious architecture. There was buried without funeral rites the corpse of the infamous Rufus; and within its choir are preserved the cysts in which were held the bones of our Saxon Kings. On the further side lay the Deanery, that paradise of absolute ease to Anglican divines, towards which cultured clerics gaze with a longing eye, where bosky foliage shaded the sweet turf of the garden watered by a shining trout-stream running through the midst. Within the precincts were the houses of the Canons, the leaders and lawgivers of Wintonian society, a society, it need hardly be said, pre-eminently aristocratic, provincial, and connubio-ecclesiastical. Very kind some of the good Canons were in

getting the boys "Leave Out" on saints' days—the beginning of virtue in a Winchester don; and very extraordinary sermons they used to preach, chiefly directed to warning us of the dangers of Popery and good works. One discourse I remember in especial concerning the "people that sigh and that cry," which description was repeated so frequently and with so lugubrious an emphasis, that we had much ado not to become the people that laughed.

Leaving the Close and passing under the archway, over which is built the curious little Church of St. Swithin, the canonized Bishop of Winchester, we turn to the left down the street leading immediately to the college buildings. Facing the road, just where it abuts on the open country, stands the porter's lodge, or outer gate, where a head and under-porter kept perpetual watch. On the latter of these individuals was always bestowed by one of those incomprehensible practices thoroughly characteristic of Winchester, the name of one of the minor Prophets, the rotation going Winchester fashion, backwards, instead of forwards. Joel was the title of the under-porter in my time; but he must long have given place to Hosea, and the cycle has probably worked back through Malachi to Habakkuk by this time, or more probably still, has been improved off the face of creation. That same Scriptural nomenclature—derived it may be from the times of the Puritans—extended to various subjects. Thus a ruler was a Benjamin. The place where we washed our hands was "Moab," the shoe-place was Edom. Sometimes, however, we condescended to a classic source; and "Sicily," and "Salve Diva Potens" were found in "Medes" or the playing-meadow; the latter, it is said, having gained its name to perpetuate a bold and original scholar, who discovered for the scansion of that well-known line, the perfectly novel rendering | "Sǎlvě Dī | -vā pō | -tens!" Alas, how fleeting is fame; only his achievement survived, his name had perished even in my day.

Immediately within the outer gate, on the left hand, was the Warden's house, a fine old mansion with a lovely garden behind, watered by the same stream as refreshed the Deanery. Some of our chamber-windows used to look out on that garden, and when they were open during a summer night one could hear the purling of the stream through the silence. On the further side of the outer court you come to a second gateway,

or "Middle Gate," over which was built Election Chambers, wherein were held at midsummer the two principal examinations every year; one of candidates for entrance, not with a view to competition, but to ascertain that the nominees of the electors had heard of the Latin Grammar; the other for those senior boys who should be selected to fill up whatever vacancies might fall during the ensuing year in that coveted pasture-land, the Fellowships of New College, Oxford. Middle Gate led into Middle Court, so called after its peculiar fashion, because there was no inner court, but bearing also the name of Chamber Court. Over the gateway, on the inner side, were the three dedicative images of the College; the image of Our Blessed Lady of Winchester (*Beate Mariæ Winton prope Winton*) in the centre, with the angel kneeling to her on one side, and the founder kneeling on the other; and so long as I continued to know the place, though the custom may now have ceased, no boy of whatever rank in the school was permitted to go through that court with covered head. A very curious sight it was to see the whole company of boys who had assembled in the passage at the further side, when marching to Cathedral or to "Hills," one and all, remove their hats, and keep their heads uncovered during the whole time they were traversing the court, from which our Blessed Lady looked down upon them. Once more, as I bared my head to that sacred image on my first visit to Oscott, the familiar custom revealed its meaning.

Round three sides of this quadrangle ran the dormitories or "chambers," containing on an average ten boys each, the largest or "Seventh Chamber" being on the further side, and having originally been used as the school. On the fourth side stands the chapel, a handsome building, though of the perpendicular style, and containing still its original painted glass, preserved from the soldiers of Cromwell, by the intervention of one of his officers, who had himself been brought up at the College. The subject of the great window at the east end was somewhat famous, being the representation of the stem of Jesse; and I well remember how, during early chapel on a dark winter morning one used boy-like to envy Jesse lying undisturbed and comfortable at full length at the bottom of it. Such were the pious thoughts suggested to my mundane mind. Another notable feature was the scroll which ran beneath each window containing the touching,

but unheeded prayer, *Orate pro anima Gulielmi de Wykeham, fundatoris*. It is my private belief, as I have already observed, that that prayer has in the case of our founder long been unnecessary; but I fulfilled it nevertheless, as in duty bound for all benefits received, as soon as I entered the communion where the departed are held in remembrance. Behind the chapel lay the cloisters, the library in its centre, both forbidden to the boys, and unfrequented by any one else; but of which we could sometimes catch a lovely glimpse on a moonlight night when the tracery of the arches was thrown out in silvery lines upon the floor.

Over the large chamber, in the further corner of the court, was the refectory or "hall," a noble room more than one hundred feet long, and lofty in proportion; having on its walls the pictures of deceased prelates, some in the chasuble and mitre of Catholic bishops, and others in what is surely the most amazing effort of the grotesque in the way of costume, ever devised by the want of wit in man: namely, the bob-wig and balloon-sleeves of their Protestant successors. I never knew how painful the ever-present sense of glaring discontinuity in pretended succession could be to the mind, until I experienced the relief of the homogeneous representations in our Catholic Colleges.

Beyond the court lay the meadow or "medes," and the "incongruous school-room," as some writer truly describes it; an enormous red-brick building of the time of Queen Anne, and fully consonant with the taste of that Augustan age. Here we boys sat each at our own "scob" (read box, or bocs, spelled Wykehamicè, backwards), the upper lid of which was always kept conveniently raised so as to prevent a too sharp-sighted master from detecting the use of cribs, or "Englishes." At either end of the room was a triple row of forms with a raised chair, with three steps for the head master, and two for the second, where the boys went up "to books," that is, to recitation in class. Beyond the school, at some little distance, lay the "sick house," where the boys who were ill, went down morning by morning, wet or fine, hot or cold, unless when in very extreme cases they were ordered to "sleep down." To the right of the great school lay a few other class-rooms, and beyond them was "Commoners," the abiding-place of the boys not in the foundation, but in reality the private pupils, taken by the head master to be educated at the College.

With these boys we had then little to do, except in school, and, when first I went, an occasional fight; for "to meet with a friend, and for love knock him down," was the great law of good fellowship in those days. Our dress alone drew an effective distinction. Commoners wore the ordinary dress of more or less civilized mankind or "Gomers" (read go-homers) in Wykehamist phraseology. We were clad in what was evidently nothing more nor less than an unmeaning compromise of the ecclesiastical dress appropriate to the seminary, which the College was properly designed to be. It consisted of a kind of page's jacket, being apparently the upper half of the cassock, over which was a gown with buttoned sleeves, and a single button in front, which button was always to be fastened on going up "to books," (that is, into class), so as to present the appearance of a cassock in full. A white choker, with bands to be worn not only up to books, but during the whole school-time, were also a necessity; and upon this latter point the authorities insisted with a rigour worthy of Rehoboam. "Do you know what happened to a boy who came up to me without a band on," said the second master one day, who always would call it a band: "I sent him down from the top of the part to the bottom, and he lost New College, and was ruined for life!" Wonderful were thy ways, O Winchester.

Considering the smallness of our body, our organization as a College was not a little elaborate. Over all was the Warden or "Custos," with an income about equal to an English Dean, and with no duties whatever, to all appearance, save to examine at elections, to create "prefects," and to exercise unbounded hospitality. Personally our old Warden was one of the most loveable and actively kind of men; and he was for ever employing his leisure, that is, his entire time, in finding out and performing services to others. The mere fact of his presence was always a pleasure to know, although the occasions were rare indeed when we boys had anything to do with him, unless when he invited some of us to dinner on a "leave-out day." Next to him came the Fellows (Socii), receiving for life, whether married or single, about £500 a year, I believe, from the College chest, and having no duties whatever incumbent upon them not even that of presenting themselves once a quarter to draw their hardly, or rather not at all, earned incomes. Of the officials performing work, the principal was the head master, who lived just outside the College: and next to him the second

master, who had his rooms in the upper part of the quadrangle, or Middle Court, and whose official title was "Ostiarus," or doorkeeper, a functionary by no means to be confounded with the porter. The head and second masters alone wielded the power of the rod, a four-twiggèd birch, four cuts with which upon the bare back constituted a "scrubbing" and six a "bibling," the latter form of punishment being traditionally necessary before a boy had a right to consider himself a Wykehamist. The operation was always performed *coram populo*, as the master was leaving school after class-time.

Next to these two dignitaries came the under-masters (or Professors according to Catholic usage) who, however, had no place upon the foundation. That consisted of the seventy boys, all boarded, lodged, and taught gratuitously by the splendid munificence of William of Wykeham. Three chaplains, who left the head master to perform the service six days out of seven, an organist of much celebrity and overwhelming execution, together with a choir of sixteen boys educated by themselves and rejoicing in the very worst voices and most horrible pronunciation which ever turned a service into travestie, completed the list of foundationers.

Princely as this institution undoubtedly was, and imitated afterwards by that rare phenomenon, a cultured and saintly monarch, it by no means embraced the whole of the founder's provision for the educational needs of the Church. A sister College at Oxford, dedicated also to our Blessed Mother (*Beata Maria Winton prope Oxon*), consisted of a Warden and seventy Fellows, designed originally to provide a body of learned clergy for the edification of Catholics, but which had become in Protestant times a mere body of laymen, recruited from Winchester, and holding sinecures of about £300 a year for life, so long as no one of them either married or accepted a benefice,—or became of the same faith as the founder.

Admission to the foundation was in more easy-going times effected by nomination of the electors, a body of six officials, consisting of the Wardens and subwardens of the two Colleges, and two Fellows of New College chosen year by year, and for some reason which I did not then fathom, denominated "Posers." Each elector nominated, according to a certain order of precedence, a candidate to fill up the vacancies in the College as they might occur throughout the year, the average being about eight or nine. And as the position brought with it not

only free education, but a very fair chance of provision for life in the shape of a New College Fellowship, these nominations were most highly prized, and were promised by the electors to their friends years before the nominees were old enough to present themselves, and sometimes even before they were born.

Once admitted, we did indeed cease to belong to ourselves. for a junior had neither an inch nor an hour that he could call his own. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays were whole school-days, and whole school-days they certainly were. From 6 to 6.30 a.m., chapel. From then to 7.30 "recreation" in the shape of learning by heart some thirty lines or so of Virgil, to be recited during morning school, which lasted to 8. Then came breakfast, followed by school from 9 to 12. At 1.15 dinner. At 2 school again, lasting during the first portion of my sojourn, straight off till 6! About that time, however, a gleam of intelligence, happening to lose itself, found its way to the Winchester masters; and a half-hour of breathing space was accorded at 4. At 6 came supper; and from 7.30 to 8.45 a period called "toy-time," because we sat at our desks in the dormitories and prepared our work for the next day. The other days in the week were not quite so ferocious, but they were so contrived that leisure should be nil and pleasure reduced to an infinitesimal minimum. One form of exercise was most striking. It consisted in marching in a body to the top of St. Catherine's Hill, staying there for an hour, and then after the fashion of the King of France, marching down again. At the top there was nothing whatever to do but to stand about, except occasionally to kill an unlucky cat, brought thither in a bag by a "cad." But so the inscrutable authorities had ordained it should be, and so accordingly it was.

At night the boys used to be supposed to be in bed and asleep by 9.15, except the seniors, who did not retire till 10. In practice we used to go to bed certainly, but to sleep by no means. Each youth had his candle lighted by him on his desk, with extinguisher standing ready at its side. And when the master's key was heard in the lock the whole illumination would collapse like lightning, and darkness reign relieved only by a single rushlight. On one occasion I remember that a boy had been making jam tarts somewhere about 11 p.m. when the awful sound was heard in the chamber door; and sweeping the whole lot into his bed, the sucking Soyer laid straight down

upon them, and rose up after the magisterial departure, plastered from head to foot.

As if the regular school-work did not afford sufficient occupation, there was another factor at work quite capable of absorbing all odds and ends of time. Winchester, as all the world knows, was the very stronghold of fagging; which, however, as the world is not quite so well aware, is to be entirely distinguished from bullying. To "prefects" alone, that is to say, to the eighteen senior boys (I speak of college only—"Commoners didn't count"), appertained the right to fag; enjoyed by the first ten or "prefects in full power" everywhere; while the remaining eight in "half power" or "Bluchers," as they were called, after the Marshal's favourite half-boot, could exercise their authority only when in the dormitories. Amongst fags themselves the position varied not according to their place in school, but according to the time they had been in college, their rank being determined by their seniority in the election roll, nor could any junior, if ordered by a prefect to do something for him, such as to oil his cricket bat, or read out an "English," or perform any other little service, transmit the order to another junior unless he himself "had twenty juniors." For non-compliance a "tunding" was the penalty; and a very tremendous penalty it was: for there was no limit whatever to the number of cuts which might be inflicted, and it was not uncommon for two or three ground ash sticks to be broken over a boy's back. Nobody cared a straw for a scrubbing or a bibling from the masters: a tunding from one of the senior boys was a dance to a different tune.

By far the greater portion of the fagging consisted in watching out at cricket, and in dormitory work. Each prefect in full power had the right of keeping two or three, or indeed any number of juniors "down to him," that is, watching out for him at cricket every day in the week, Sundays excepted, for not more than two hours each boy per diem, and this duty was performed by the fags in order of their juniority, beginning afresh each day. For the dormitory work, the fags were distributed through the seven chambers, being chosen by the prefects at the beginning of each term, in layers of progressive servitude: the seven newest boys in college being "juniors in chambers," the next seven "second juniors," and so on, up to those dignified seniors who came next to prefects, though sometimes nearly at the bottom of the school, and who were

entitled "candlekeepers" apparently because they had nothing whatever to do with the candles. To each of these classes of juniors was assigned a particular form of fagging. Upon the junior in chambers fell the pleasant duty of collecting and cleaning the extinguishers and snuffers used by the boys, two tallow candles per night being the right of each prefect, and one of each "inferior." Other duties also were his, too numerous to mention. Second junior swept up the chamber, or dormitory every evening, and acted as "valet" to one of the prefects: third junior was valet to another, and so on. Candlekeepers neither had valets nor "acted as sich."

And what was the effect, it may be asked, of this strange system upon the minds and natures of those who were subjected to it? The question is natural, but the answer is most difficult, and the more so because I feel how imperfectly I have shadowed out even its most distinctive features. Still I will give such reply as I am able, as to the tendency of the system which prevailed at Winchester about forty years ago. First of all, there can, I think, be no doubt that it tended to establish a very potent and lasting habit of prompt obedience. There was no questioning, there was no hesitation. Master or prefect, it mattered not by whom the order was given, so long as it was given by one in authority, it had to be obeyed and that instantly. To some perhaps, nay, to not a few, such a habit may appear to be slavish: but in my eyes it seemed to be rather the back-bone of discipline, the very salt of education, without which, be the instruction what it may, the whole man is nevertheless, a product without savour. "Teach them to obey at a word," says the Apostle: and I will confess that in other schools that I have been into I could have occasionally desired a somewhat larger infusion of that Apostolic prescription. On the other hand we were narrow, pre-eminently narrow. Our students were for the most part taken from a single class, the sons of clergymen and small country gentlemen: and every tradition and habit of the place, the eternal fagging, the constant immurement within the walls of college, the isolation of each boy by seniority carrying with it all kinds of definite results, the rivetting of the attention upon New College from the first moment to the last, these and many other influences tended to limit our horizon to even a greater degree than that of an ordinary school-boy in those days, and cramped and thwarted well-

nigh every form of intellectual growth. Often and often did I think of the "Scavenger's Daughter," and feel as if my mind was being compressed and contorted in that fatal embrace.

As to positive attainments it is a little easier to speak. Of science we knew in those days just absolutely nothing, none of those wondrous formulas which are now supposed to be the chief scientific end and aim. Our knowledge of history was derived chiefly from the novels of Lytton, Scott, and James (not Henry but George Prince Regent); our geography from Heaven knows where. But I should add that during the last two or three years of my stay, the works of Grote, of Muir, of Bekker and other writers on classical times and themes, began to make their way amongst us; and the appetite so aroused extended itself in a degree to the story and manners of other nations and other times.

Mathematics made considerable progress during the years I spent there. When I first went, prefects—the highest class—were in a state of boiling indignation at the exaction of the Third Book of Euclid for the final examination: before I left two or three were reading Analytical Conics—then considered a very fair advance for boys—and one had dipped his nose into Infinitesimal Calculus. They read Differential Equations and the Lunar Theory now, I believe. Of English literature also, though the authorities would have stared at any one who should have proposed it as a study, some of us had read I think—though when and how it puzzles me to imagine—a very fair amount, Shakspeare, Longfellow, and Macaulay being I should say on the whole the favourite authors, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Emerson perhaps coming next. Novelists were greatly at a premium throughout the school. Nor were French and German absolutely unknown.

But the fact is that three-fourths of our time were given to the study of the classics, and to the composition of Latin and Greek themes. Two Latin compositions each about forty lines, one prose and the other verse, were exacted each week from the seniors, together with three six-line epigrams in Latin or Greek, the junior classes contributing in proportion; and this alone occupied no small portion of our "play-time," for no provision was made for composition in school. Of Virgil and Horace we had not only read the greater part, but had also learnt it by heart. And we were also pretty well acquainted with the various

works of Cicero and Juvenal. In Greek we were rather strong. During my stay in the school I read most (if not all) of the books of the Iliad, something of the Odyssey, several of the Odes of Pindar and of the Idylls of Theocritus; a book or two of Thucydides, another of Herodotus, more than one play of each of the Tragedians, some of Demosthenes' Orations, and other works which it is not necessary to enumerate—altogether a very fair show. Familiarity with such authors could hardly fail to exercise some valuable influence over the mind of the student: and perhaps but for them even the periods of this article would have been more clumsy, and its description more lacking in force.

But the school-boy life, like all else on earth, ran rapidly to its limit. With the eighteenth year came the period of the final examination and the decisive moment for election to New College. With the arrival of midsummer came also the electors, who were received with old-world ceremonies almost recalling the elective pageant of the Holy Roman Empire. The whole week which ensued was a period of novelty and excitement. The general holiday for all the boys except the prefects—Commoners had gone home, and nobody wasted a thought upon them—the examination-papers themselves, each of which, as they were attacked day by day, lifted a burden which had been lying upon the mind for years, the troops of old Wykehamists assembled to celebrate the festival, the grand dinners given every night in Hall with the Warden for President, the public ball, at the close of which the superannuated students were stewards *ex officio*; all these things told the parting youths that the life of monotony which they had led for years was passing fast. But by far the most memorable and touching ceremony took place in the College on the evening before departure, when hundreds of invited guests assembled to hear the boys "in the summer evening sing their sweet song of home," as another and still living Wykehamist Chancellor has sung in famous verse: that sweet song of "Domum," written, according to tradition, by a Winchester boy who was kept at school during the holidays and died just before their expiration, and which breathes the full pathos of school-boy affection. As I write, the familiar scene rises before my eyes, and I can scarcely believe that I have no longer part or lot in the house of Wykeham. The

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Chamber Court is crowded with old Wykehamists and with visitors, the band is accompanying the beautiful air which aptly fits the words, and around me the features live again in all their animation, which I shall see no more

Till with the dawn the angel faces smile
Whom I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

And so with the solemn strains echoing through the fast-falling darkness, the memory of Winchester fades away.

The Stuart Exhibition.

AN extremely strong committee under the most august patronage has given us a sight that will not easily be forgotten. Nothing could be more gracious or more graceful than the interest taken by Her Majesty in those of her Royal ancestry who bore the romantic and ill-fated name of Stuart. Her grandfather, George the Third, showed admirable feeling when he gave a pension to the Cardinal Duke of York, and erected the well-known monument in St. Peter's to the descendants of James the Second. The Queen has inherited that feeling, and the Stuart Exhibition owes much of its prestige to her Majesty's patronage, and many of its objects of interest to her condescension. Pictures from Holyrood, from Windsor, from Osborne, and Hampton Court, together with many charming relics, have been lent by the Queen, and Her Imperial Majesty the Empress Frederick, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and the Duchess of Albany. Headed thus by the Queen and Royal family, we have a list of over three hundred exhibitors, and the Catalogue shows us that their contributions in all are between eleven and twelve hundred in number.

The first feeling seems generally to be one of surprise at the completeness and comprehensiveness of the Exhibition, and it speaks volumes for the interest that has always been taken in all that concerned the Stuarts, that it should be possible to look at this large collection, and yet feel a regret at the absence of other objects which would have made what is wonderfully full and perfect, still more complete. The Exhibition two years ago in a picturesque room by the Minster Gateway at Peterborough was small indeed when compared with this, and confined entirely to Mary Queen of Scots, whose temporary grave was shown in the glorious Norman Minster close by ; but small as it was, it contained some few things that we miss in the far grander Stuart Exhibition now open in the New Gallery in Regent Street. There was a full length picture of the martyred Queen, lent if we remember rightly by one of the City Companies, which would have been welcome now ; and there

was a relic of surpassing interest at Peterborough, the loan of which Mr. Leonard Lindsay, the zealous secretary of the Stuart Exhibition, has not succeeded in obtaining. It is the very striking relic of Mary's execution, which became the property of the Cardinal Duke of York, and was by him given to Sir John Cox Hipplesey, a well-known member of Parliament, who had been instrumental in obtaining the pension from the King of which we have already spoken. The long white veil worn by Queen Mary at her death has an inscription round it, saying that it was given to the Society of Jesus by the lady who had it from the scaffold, possibly by Elizabeth Curle, whose son entered the Society. Perhaps it is the "Corpus Christi cloth," mentioned to Burleigh by his correspondent who was present. "One of the women," he writes, "having a Corpus Christi cloathe," probably what we should call a Communion cloth, "lapped it upp three corner wise, and kissed it and put it over the face of her queen, and pynned it fast to the caule of hir head. Then the two weomen departed. The queen kneeled downe upon the cushion resolutely, and without any token of feare of deathe, sayd allowde in Latin the psalme *In te Domine confido*. Then groaping for the block she layde downe hir head, putting hir chaine over hir backe with bothe hir handes, which holding their still had been cut off, had they not been espyed." We take the extract from the excellently edited Catalogue, which all who have purchased will be glad to keep for its permanent historical interest.

After a careful look at the "Sheffield" pictures, painted in 1578, one of which belongs to the Marquess of Hartington, and the other to the Earl of Darnley, and then at the picture from Hampton Court, which was painted for Charles the First from the Sheffield portrait—the unpleasing Sheffield likeness being improved artistically into a better picture, which however is no likeness at all;—we turn to the "Memorial" portraits, three large pictures, one lent by the Queen, one by Blairs College, and the third by the Earl of Darnley. In each of these a full length figure of the poor Queen, life size, has a representation of the execution in small figures on the right side. It shows the Queen "unattyred and unapparalled to hir petticoat and kirtle," as Burleigh's agent describes her, blinded with the white veil, kneeling at the block with her shoulders bare, her neck bleeding from the first blow of the executioner's axe. She wears a brick red boddice and a black skirt, contradicting as plainly as a

picture can contradict Mr. Froude's statement that to produce dramatic effect the martyred Queen had dressed herself in blood red, from head to foot.

One drawback everybody feels in the presence of a multitude of portraits of Mary Queen of Scots. They vary so, that it seems impossible to take away a definite impression of her face. Harder still it is to look on portrait after portrait, knowing that the original was one of the most beautiful of women, and yet not to derive from any picture a sense of perfect beauty. Brown hair and brown eyes, and the shade of brown varying incessantly—it is difficult to take away anything else in one's memory as certainly hers. Has not Captain Galton a plan of superposing photograph upon photograph till he eliminates all but what he calls the common family features? He would do good service if he would reduce Queen Mary's innumerable pictures to a common denominator; and then would give us the net result. He should treat all the members of this Royal House in the same way, and show us what are the family features of the Stuarts. It is not easy to classify them. There is the simply frightful face of James the First, the hideous son of a lovely mother; and there is the ugly face of Charles the Second, contrasting strangely with the refined and noble, if somewhat feeble, features of his father, poor Charles the First. A far more painful contrast is that of a man with himself, instead of with his father or mother—the bright attractive face of "bonnie Prince Charlie," and the heavy jaded features of "Charles the Third," with his powdered hair tied with black ribbon, red coat, white cravat, and blue ribbon of the Garter.

Speaking of Charles the Third we have in our Catalogue all the most Jacobite titles—in parenthesis. Prince Charles Edward has always the addition to his name of the title "[Charles III.]," and his brother, Prince Henry Benedict, the Cardinal Duke of York, that of "[Henry IX.]" Their father, Prince James Francis Edward, is similarly called "[James III. and VIII.]" The Scottish numeration takes one by surprise, as James the Second was not often called James the Seventh. It is a curious sign of the times that these Royal titles, the use of which would once have been held treasonable in the highest degree, should now quietly appear under the eyes of the reigning Sovereign and her family and attract no attention. The Stuarts have passed into history, and a Queen of the House of Hanover can be as warm a Jacobite as any one. The Cardinal of

York did not use the Royal title. He had proclamation made of it when his brother died in 1788, in the refectories of the Colleges of our nationality in Rome, and he caused a medal to be struck with his royal title, and the legend, *Non desiderii hominum sed voluntate Dei*. In an inscription erected to his brother, Charles Edward, by the Cardinal in his Cathedral at Frascati, where he was allowed to bury him with royal honours, which at the time he was not permitted to show in Rome, he names himself as *Henricus IX., Ducis Eboracensis titulo reassumpto*—taking back to himself, that is, the title of Duke of York, which on his brother's death had merged in that of King, and by this title he was ever afterwards called.

There are two interesting pictures of the Stuarts in their Roman days, lent by the Earl of Northesk. The one represents the marriage of James, the son of James the Second, in 1719, to Maria Clementina Sobieska, as the Catalogue rightly calls the daughter of the Sobieski. The other, a companion picture, gives us the baptism of Charles Edward in 1720. They introduce us to the life of the Stuarts in Rome; on state occasions, at all events, extremely magnificent and intensely Roman. With regard to the first of these two pictures, it is worthy of remark that the royal pair were married by the Roman Ritual, which indeed was natural, as the Bishop of Montefiasconi married them. The indication is given in this, that the bride is holding up her fourth finger to receive the ring, which, of course, she would not have done if in accordance with our old English usage, the ring had been put successively on the thumb and the succeeding fingers, with the accompaniment of the familiar words.

In the Catalogue notice of the Baptism we see it is said that amongst the Prelates present at that ceremony was the Bishop of Segni, "titular Archbishop of Wales." What does this mean? The Benedictine Father, Philip Michael Ellis, was the first Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District, consecrated in 1688 and translated from his titular see of *Aureliopolis* to Segni in 1708. As he died in 1726 he was Bishop Segni when Charles Edward was baptized. The Western District included Wales, no doubt; but what made Bishop Ellis "titular Archbishop of Wales"?

The visitor wanders about among the pictures, here struck by one, and there by another. This is a striking picture, Charles Edward in a pretty Polish costume, the dress of his mother's native country. And there is a pleasing picture of his father as a young child with a parrot on his wrist, and lace and gold

braid enough to satisfy any mother, however royal. This belongs to Stonyhurst, and the Catalogue should state that, with the other Stonyhurst pictures of the Stuarts, it was once the property of the Cardinal of York.

On the other side of the room, two pictures attract the eye. The one represents the ball at the Hague, a farewell entertainment to Charles the Second on the eve of the Restoration. The King is dancing with his eldest sister Mary, the widow of William the Second of Orange, and the whole scene is very amusing. No one else is dancing except the royal pair, and the way the ladies and gentlemen are dressed, and the fashion in which they sit round, some even on the ground, speaks of our change of manners. This picture belongs to the Queen.

The other picture, the property of the Duke of St. Alban's, gives the Procession that accompanied Charles the Second from the Tower to Whitehall. It winds about, passing from one triumphal arch to another, and the houses and people of London are left out that you may see the whole procession. It is impossible not to sympathize with Pepys, who cannot "relate the glory of the day, expressed in the clothes of them that rid, and their horses and horse-clothes."

On our way back to the gallery with which we began, in order that we may turn from pictures to relics, we must stop a moment to look at Lord Lothian's picture of Margaret Tudor, Henry the Eighth's sister, and Mary's grandmother, through whom of course she derived her cousinship to Elizabeth. It is a Holbein, and therefore does not flatter. How did the royal personages like the truth-telling portraits of those days, in which they saw themselves as in a mirror? In our time even the sun must not tell the truth, and photographers take out of their negatives the lines that they think should not be there.

Further on is the Chatsworth picture that has hitherto been known as "the Carlton type" of Mary, Queen of Scots. We are told that Vertue, who was employed by Lord Carlton to engrave it, expressed misgivings as to the personage represented by it; and, apparently to prevent similar misgivings in others, he introduced into the print of the picture a thistle surmounted by a crown. Probably more than a misgiving will be expressed by Mr. Scharf, the master of experts in portraiture, when his promised work appears on the *Authentic Portraits of Queen Mary*. Nothing will be more welcome than his guidance in our endeavour to escape from "the confused ideas that have so long prevailed respecting her personal appearance."

Turning to the middle of the room, we have before us the magnificent triptych doors from Holyrood—here because on one of them we see James the Third of Scotland and his son, with a splendid St. Andrew to take care of them. But for fidelity of painting turn to the very noble picture on the opposite panel, where the Provost of the King's Chapel, Edinburgh, kneels in his surplice and almuce, and one angel blows the organ while another gives the Provost the note for intoning the hymn of the Blessed Trinity, the titular of the Church. About 1480 is the date of this glorious picture, a sight of which is enough to repay a journey to Edinburgh, and which now by the Queen's goodness is brought to our doors.

Enough of pictures for one visit, and so we turn ourselves to enjoy the sight of the treasures before us in these cases, each thing rendered interesting by some historical association. And first amongst them the gorgeous ciborium and cover of Limoges enamel, one of the best specimens extant of the best work of the twelfth century. To Catholics this is by far the most venerable relic in the room, for in it the Blessed Sacrament must have been hung up over the altar, probably in the Chapel Royal of Scotland, for centuries. It is said to have belonged to Malcolm Canmore, and is traditionally called his "Cup." Mary Queen of Scots gave it to Sir James Balfour of Burleigh, the ancestor of the present Lord Balfour of Burleigh, whose it now is.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh also owns the hand-bell that poor Mary was accustomed to use, down to the end of her life, at Fotheringhay Castle. Letters engraved within it are supposed to form the two words, *Clamat suas*, "she calls her attendants;" but this is a doubtful reading. It has been suggested that perhaps we have here the key of a cypher, which thus would be always at hand on the table, ready for the deciphering of despatches.

There is in the same case a little chalice and paten, with one cruet and a small box for altar-breads, given to Mary in 1586, the year before her death, by De l'Aubespine de Châteauneuf, the French Ambassador at the Court of Elizabeth. The small size indicates that these requirements for Mass were intended for concealment. Whether the Queen of Scots was at Chartley, as she was for the first nine months of that year, or at Fotheringhay, De l'Aubespine must have had great difficulty in conveying them to her, for his letters were frequently detained and opened. It was however necessary to permit the French Ambassador to provide Mary with money, that she might meet her expenses, in which the penurious Elizabeth was not likely

to help her; and it must have been the bearer of the money who brought the little chalice. Camille du Préau, Mary's chaplain at the time, whom she called her reader, and Walsingham her *valet de chambre*, Sir Amias Poulet knew perfectly well to be what he styled "a Massing Priest." The Queen was barbarously deprived of him, just at the supreme moment when she most wanted his spiritual services.

In the same case is a curious and costly timepiece, of French workmanship, given by Mary to Mary Seton, one of the "Queen's Maries." It is a death's head in silver, which contains a watch. Adam and Eve in Paradise, and the Crucifixion, are engraved upon it, and indeed the whole skull is covered with engravings and inscriptions. The top of the head opens on a hinge to show the clock-face, and the watch strikes the hour on a silver bell. These things and many others that were evidently hers, make this case very attractive to the visitor who cares for poor Mary.

Another case shows us the splendid gold rosary, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, with a lovely jewelled and enamelled crucifix attached to it, which was in Mary's hands to the last and was bequeathed by her to the Countess of Arundel. The Hon. Mrs. E. Maxwell-Stuart exhibits a similar enamelled crucifix, very beautiful, and just what the Queen's pictures would have led one to expect to see as hers. The Duke of Norfolk also lends Queen Mary's pearl necklace. The mounting look modern, but the pearls are magnificent. Speaking of pearls, one is reminded of the string of pearls now at Stonyhurst that the Queen attached to the relic of the Crown of Thorns, given by her to the martyred Earl of Northumberland. As the pearls could not be shown without the relic of the holy Thorn, naturally they are not here.

Mary's silver backgammon board also belonged by the Queen's gift to Mary Seton. This is lent by Mr. Hay of Duns, while the timepiece has descended to Sir T. W. Dick Lauder, both of them descendants of the Setons. We pass over the other charming objects in this case, making mention only of the rich lock of Mary's hair, which was bequeathed to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, by Robert, eighth Lord Belhaven, with a request that it should be preserved either at Holyrood or Windsor. The colour of this relic should settle the question of the fidelity of the hair in the pictures, if it has not faded. Should it be called chestnut or auburn?

Lord Herries lends the "leading strings," made by Mary for

her infant son. They are worked by her own hand, and along the whole length she has embroidered the text in Latin, "He has given His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Mary's manuscript book of Hours also is the property of Lord Herries, for it was left by her at Terregles. It is late sixteenth century work, and the illuminations are from a French hand, so that in all probability it was brought over by her from France. To these we must add Mary's seal, engraved with the monogram "M.R." with the royal lion of Scotland, which, as well as many other objects here, is contributed by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott. The name of Sir Walter Scott's great grand-daughter is in its proper place, in close association with such relics as these.

On the opposite side of the room are the relics of Charles the First. There is the sacramental cup used by Bishop Juxon for the communion service before the King's execution, and the prayer book in black letter that was used on the scaffold at Whitehall. The morning of the 30th of January was intensely cold, and the King asked Sir Thomas Herbert, the Groom of his Chambers, for a second shirt, that he might not shake from cold, which would perhaps be mistaken for fear. Mr. Bewicke Blackburn exhibits it. It is a beautiful lace shirt, and the lace collar and glove worn on the scaffold by the King are also exquisitely beautiful. Another shirt, the drawers and garters then worn by Charles, and the sheet that was used to cover his body, became the property of John Ashburnham, one of the King's personal attendants, and they are now shown by the Earl of Ashburnham, his descendant, as well as the King's gold watch, which bears an English maker's name. The King's silver alarum clock, also of English workmanship, given by him to Sir Thomas Herbert, is lent by Mr. Mitford.

For the rest, the Jacobite relics are simply innumerable, and extremely interesting, showing plainly that there was no member of the Royal House on whom some large portion of the prestige of the "divinity that hedges in a King" did not rest. Least perhaps of all of them on the last survivor, the Cardinal of York, who died in 1807. And yet in him it was by no means wanting. A story was told in Frascati, where he long lived as Bishop, that he had inherited the royal gift of touching for the King's evil, and that one day a Prince of the House of Hanover, whose inheritance was the King's evil itself, came to the Cardinal to be touched. It was said that the Masters of Ceremonies were at their wit's end to know how the

precedence and reception in such a case was to be managed ; and at length, like Italian diplomats, they resolved that at a given hour the Cardinal should be out driving in one of the narrow streets of Frascati, and His Royal Highness from England should enter the same street in his carriage at the other end : the Cardinal was to look out of his carriage window and ask who was there, and on being told, was to invite the visitor to drive with him to his palace ; and after that, the relation between them then being that of host and guest, no difficulties could arise. " I tell the tale as it was told to me " more than forty years ago in Frascati, as the narrator and I were looking up at the royal arms of England with a crescent for difference surmounted by the Royal Crown and the Cardinal's Hat, carved over an archway in the Episcopal Seminary of Frascati. Here in the Exhibition are the " Touch pieces " of the Stuarts from Charles the Second to Henry the Ninth. Before Charles the Second, the coin hung about the neck of each person touched by the King was an angel. The gift was said to have descended from St. Edward the Confessor and from St. Louis of France to the English and French Sovereigns.

This collection of relics is a wonderful achievement, and the Earl of Ashburnham, the President of the General Committee, Mr. Leonard Lindsay, its Secretary, and the Executive Committee can justly pride themselves on the success of their labours. They have succeeded in making men think more of the Stuarts and of their place in history. But the effect left on the mind is full of pain. Unstinted devotion has been poured out like water. There must have been very much in those who were the objects of such sacrifices to induce men to make them, and that with an ungrudging generosity. But it is more blessed to give such gifts than to receive them. Loyalty is good, but not so to think oneself the inheritor of the divine right of kings. But misfortunes are a wholesome school, and two at least of the Stuarts bore their misfortunes with singular nobility. Charles the First died with touching dignity, and the more that is known of Mary Queen of Scots, the plainer it is seen that she died for her religion. *Dat gloria vires*, the motto on her wedding cup, is truer now than when she reigned a Queen.

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A Mission to Tibet in the last Century.

IN an article which appeared in a former number of *THE MONTH*, treating of the exclusive character of Chinese policy in Tibet, mention was made incidentally of the efforts of the first Governor-General of India, Warren Hastings, to promote commercial intercourse between Bengal and the Land of Buddha. With this object he dispatched a mission to the Court of the Teshu Lama, who resides in the neighbourhood of Shigatzé, and exercises a wide-spread influence, temporal as well as spiritual, in that portion of Tibet which lies nearest to the British dominions. The envoy whom he employed on this occasion was Mr. George Bogle, a young attaché of the Indian Government and a special protégé of Hastings, who knew how to discern real merit, and was thus able to select the most fitting instruments for the execution of his various projects. The journal kept by Mr. Bogle of the incidents of his mission remained unpublished until A.D. 1874, when it was brought to light by Mr. Clements R. Markham, of the Geographical Department of the Indian Office, and given to the world along with other manuscripts of a similar nature.¹ As Mr. Bogle was undoubtedly the most judicious and observant of the few English travellers who have succeeded in penetrating into the interior of Tibet, and the only one who has ever enjoyed the advantage of close and friendly intercourse with one of the great pontiffs of Tibetan Buddhism, we feel sure that a few jottings from his journal cannot but prove interesting to our readers.

Exactly a century previous to the publication of his manuscripts, Mr. George Bogle, being then at Calcutta, received instructions from Governor Hastings to undertake the charge of an important and delicate mission to the neighbouring kingdoms of Bhutan and Tibet. The circumstances which had led

¹ *Narratives of the Mission of George Bogle to Tibet, &c.* By Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.G.S. London: Trübner and Co., Ludgate Hill, 1876. It is from this interesting work that the substance of this article has been taken.

to the adoption of this step were as follows: A short time previously, Judhur, the Deb Rajah of Bhutan, had made an aggression on the dominions of his neighbour the Rajah Kuch Bahar. As the kingdom of the latter lay to the south of Bhutan in close proximity to Bengal, this movement brought him in collision with the English, who came to the assistance of their ally, drove back the Bhutanese to their mountain fastnesses, and took possession of some of the valleys, called *duars*, which are, as it were, the doors or gates of the country since they afford access to the mountain passes. In their distress, the Bhutanese, who follow the religion of Buddha, had recourse to the great Lama Pontiff of Shigatzé, a town situated about half way between Lhasa and the frontier, begging that he would intervene in their behalf with the Governor-General, and secure for them honourable terms of peace. It was under these circumstances that the Teshu Lama addressed a letter to Hastings, begging that he would abstain from further hostilities and treat the conquered with clemency and moderation.

To estimate the importance of this communication, it must be premised that the Teshu Lama is one of the three great pontiffs who are recognized in the religion of Tibet as incarnate Buddhas. The other two are the Dalai Lama of Lhasa and the Taranath Lama, who resides at Urga Kuren, in the country of the Khalkas, far away amid the deserts of Tartary. Although the Dalai Lama holds the highest position of the three, inasmuch as the sovereignty of Tibet is vested in him in addition to his spiritual prerogatives, there is not much difference between him and the Pontiff of Shigatzé as regards the veneration in which they are held by the votaries of Buddha. Nor is the temporal power of the Teshu Lama by any means inconsiderable, for besides the personal authority which he exercises in his own extensive domains, his political influence as representative of the Court of Lhasa is very great throughout the southern provinces of Tibet and the neighbouring countries of Bhutan and Nepal. The importance of his position was enhanced at the time by the high character borne by the actual pontiff for wisdom, piety, and benevolence. To him, therefore, as their natural protector, did the Bhutanese turn in their extreme necessity, nor did they look to him in vain.

The arrival of the Teshu Lama's letter was, in fact, regarded by Warren Hastings as an opportune occurrence. It gave him

an opening for doing something to break down the barrier of reserve and isolation which had been set up between India and Tibet, through the secret machinations of the Chinese Government. He had now a favourable occasion for the despatch of a special envoy to the Court of the Teshu Lama, with the further prospect of obtaining permission for him to pursue his journey to the seat of government at Lhasa, a city as yet unvisited by any Englishman. Hastings was not the man to neglect such an opportunity, or to lose the fruit of it by any want of tact, or hesitation in making such sacrifices as were necessary for the attainment of his main object.

With this view he determined to despatch at once a mission to the Teshu Lama, to inform him that in accordance with his desire he had withdrawn his troops from the territories of the Deb Rajah, and concluded with him a treaty of friendship, which he trusted might also be the means of bringing about a renewal of the commercial intercourse that had formerly existed between India and Tibet across the intervening mountains of Bhutan. In his instructions to Mr. Bogle, whom he selected as the bearer of his despatches, he exhorted him to use every effort to bring this work to a successful conclusion, investing him with ample powers, and placing at his disposal means which were to be limited only by his discretion. The latter qualification was not wanting to Mr. Bogle, who displayed an eminent degree of prudence and tact, as well as perfect command of temper, great moderation, and other essential moral qualities, throughout the whole course of his mission.

In perusing the parting advice given by Hastings to his young envoy, we cannot but admire the thoughtful and patient care which that eminent statesman lavished on all that could conduce to the success of his enterprise. In one of his papers of minutes, we find an exhaustive abstract of all that he had been able to gather from the books at his command relative to the history, religion, politics, and country of Tibet. In another letter he instructs Mr. Bogle to make minute inquiries respecting the various products peculiar to the country, such as gold, silver, precious stones, musk, rhubarb, &c., which could be exchanged in commerce for the tea and tobacco of India, and the broad cloth and other manufactured goods of the mother country. He instructs him also to procure specimens of curious and useful animals, plants, and other natural products of the soil, as also of any works of art or manufactured articles peculiar to the

country, and finally to lose no opportunity of noting down his daily observations regarding the manners and customs of the people, the peculiarities of the climate, &c. Among other things, which illustrate his thoughtful and practical turn of mind as well as his kindly disposition, is an instruction to his envoy, in passing through the mountainous country of Bhutan, to plant a few potatoes at the various stages of his journey, in order that a land which possesses so few resources might be enriched with a new cereal to supply the wants of its poor but hardy population.

Having concluded his arrangements in Calcutta, Mr. Bogle set out about the middle of May, A.D. 1774, in company with Mr. Hamilton, a young surgeon in the service of the East India Company, who was associated with him in his mission. Their way lay through Rangpur, a border district of Bengal, which Hastings had already marked out as a commercial centre for Tibetan commerce, and thence through Bahar, the scene of the late war. Having crossed the river which separates the Indian territory from Bhutan, they found themselves at the foot of that mighty chain of hills which stretches along the northern frontier of Bengal, and separates it from Tibet. In fact, the whole of Bhutan is little more than a succession of lofty mountains whose summits are usually hidden amid the clouds, and of deep ravines through which roaring torrents rush forward with immense velocity and irresistible force. These mountains form the advance guard of the Himalayas, and, though they do not rise to the same level above the sea as the parallel ranges behind them which cross the Tibetan plateau, they have a grander effect, inasmuch as the traveller approaches them from the level plain of India, and not from the midst of mountains similar to themselves. As to the inhabitants of Bhutan, the very nature of their country tends to render them active and robust. Being unprovided with roads, they are accustomed to transport heavy burdens upon their backs. The steep slopes of their mountains necessitate the formation of artificial terraces whereon to build their houses, and plant and sow a few fruit trees and cereals, while the impetuosity of their torrents obliges them to irrigate their scanty rice fields with artificial canals. All this serves to develope their physique, and to render them hardy and industrious. Nor is their country, though wild and rugged, without its advantages. The dense forests with which it is clothed and the fastnesses of their mountains afford them a secure asylum from the attacks of their enemies, while the

abundance of wood and stone, which everywhere prevails, enables them to erect substantial dwellings to protect themselves from the heavy snowfalls and intense cold of the winter season.

Having arrived at Tassisudon, the capital of Bhutan, the members of the mission were lodged in excellent apartments, but experienced such an intensity of cold that they were glad to cover the walls of the dwelling rooms with blankets. The windows commanded an admirable prospect, overlooking the river Chinchu, which galloped past with inconceivable velocity, while at the back of their dwelling rose a lofty mountain, crowned as it were with a double turret, and clothed with trees almost to the summit. Here and there, scattered over its steep slopes, might be seen some solitary cottages, the abode of Buddhist hermits, who pass their days counting their beads, indifferent to the business and bustle of the royal city which lies stretched at their feet.

At the time of Mr. Bogle's visit to Bhutan, the country was in the midst of a political convulsion. The turbulent Deb Judhur, the invader of Bahar, had been already driven from the throne, and had taken refuge in Tibet, but a party of his adherents still maintained his cause against his successor. The latter was employed at the time in the suppression of a new conspiracy, and was absent from the capital when the mission arrived. As soon as he returned, Mr. Bogle was admitted to an audience, and found him attired in the festival habit of a *gylong*, or Buddhist monk, having a scarlet satin cloak upon his back and a gilded mitre on his head. For it must be borne in mind that the Government of Bhutan, like that of Tibet, is hierarchical. The nominal head is the Grand Lama Rimboché, who leads a solitary life in a gilded tower some six stories high, which rises in the midst of the palace. As his time is supposed to be devoted in prayer and contemplation, his official duties as a temporal sovereign devolve on the Deb Rajah, also a lama, who is the real ruler of the country. The principal ministers of the latter are Buddhist monks, all belonging to the sect of the Red Caps, whereas the religious of Tibet are Yellow Cap lamas. These two great monastic families take their origin from the reform of Tsong-Khapa, a celebrated incarnation of Buddha, who died A.D. 1419. His prohibition of clerical marriages and other severe enactments led to a schism in the order, the reformed religious adopting a yellow garb, whilst the adherents of the ancient regime continued to be clad in robes of red. The

latter after a time mostly withdrew from Tibet to the neighbouring countries of Nepal and Bhutan.

The Deb Rajah, a pleasant-looking old man with a smirking countenance, received the British envoy with every appearance of kindness but in profound silence, and after accepting his presents, caused him to be conducted to a cushion prepared for him in the middle of the apartment. Some copper platters filled with rice, butter, treacle, tea, cucumbers, walnuts, dates, apricots, and other fruits were then set before him, along with a little wooden stool to serve as a table. After these arrangements were completed, a man entered with a silver kettle of buttered tea, out of which he first poured a little into the palm of his hand and drank it off, he then filled a dish for the Rajah and each of his officers. In view of such occasions, every Bhutanese, and Tibetan too, carries in his bosom a little wooden cup wrapped in a piece of cloth, but Mr. Bogle, being unprovided with this necessary utensil, was furnished by the attendants with a china cup. When all the dishes had been filled, the Deb Rajah said grace, in which the whole company joined, and then for the first time opened his mouth to address his guests. As soon as the tea was disposed of, and everyone had well licked his cup and restored it to his bosom, a richly flowered satin gown was brought in and thrown over Mr. Bogle, being afterwards secured with a red scarf which served as a girdle. He was then conducted to the Rajah, who bound his temples with another red handkerchief, and pressing them between his hands, placed on his head an image of the god Sakya, at the same time muttering over him a certain form of prayer. He then tied two silk handkerchiefs together, and threw them as a scarf over his shoulders. After partaking of two or three more dishes of tea, a cup or two of whiskey, and some betel nut, Mr. Bogle was permitted to retire to his apartments. Soon afterwards he paid a visit to the Lama Rimboché, a sickly-looking young man of about thirty-five, who received him with a similar ceremonial; this, however, was omitted in subsequent interviews. On one of these occasions, Dr. Hamilton almost threw the Grand Lama into hysterics by catching a fly for the purpose of exhibiting it in the microscope, it being strictly forbidden by the Buddhist code to take away the life of any creature, on account of their belief in the doctrine of transmigration of souls. This does not prevent them, however, from eating the flesh of animals that have been killed for them by a degraded class of natives,

provided that they do not partake of it on the same day upon which life was taken.

During the visit of Mr. Bogle to Bhutan, serious obstacles had arisen in the way of the further prosecution of his journey. No sooner had the Teshu Lama received news that the British envoy was actually on his way, than the fear of the displeasure of the Court of Lhasa, and still more of the Chinese Emperor so worked upon his mind, that he despatched in haste messengers with presents and letters for the Governor-General to intercept his progress, and induce him to return to Calcutta. It was, they said, impossible for any Fringy¹ or Hindoo to be admitted into the kingdom of Tibet without an express order from the Emperor of China, to whom the country was subject. Seeing, therefore, that it would require a year's delay to communicate with the Court of Pekin and receive an answer, to say nothing of the scourge of small-pox which was then raging in the country, they implored Mr. Bogle to take into his charge the letters and presents which they had brought, and permit them to return to their master. The British envoy, however, was far too prudent to compromise his mission by any such step, and dismissing the messengers on their journey to Calcutta, set himself quietly to work to overcome the difficulties unexpectedly raised in his path.

Fortunately among those who had accompanied him from Bengal was a Hindoo *Gosain*, or trading pilgrim, named Purungir, who was in high favour with the Teshu Lama. It was he who, in company of the Tibetan Paima, had been the bearer of the Grand Lama's letter to the Governor, and it was relying on his assurance that the British Envoy would meet with a kind reception, that Hastings had determined to send his reply by the hands of Mr. Bogle. The Gosain was therefore committed to the success of the expedition, and as he was certain to exert his utmost influence to bring it to a happy conclusion, Mr. Bogle determined to despatch him to the Court of the Pontiff with a courteous letter expressing his intention to pursue his mission, and enclosing an epistle from the Deb Rajah, in which the latter implored the Lama not to persist in a refusal which would be construed as a act of discourtesy.

¹ Fringy is the equivalent to Frank, but was used to mean any European. It is curious to see how the great prestige acquired by the French in the East during the middle ages caused their name to be accepted as representative of the whole family of European states.

to the Governor-General. So powerful a mode of reasoning had the happiest effect, and Mr. Bogle was shortly afterwards gratified by receiving a reply authorizing the continuance of his journey.

During his long stay at Tassisudon the British Envoy did all in his power to induce the Deb Rajah to take up in earnest the encouragement of commerce between Bhutan and Bengal. As a special inducement he offered a remission of the tolls for all Bhutanese merchants trading at the annual fair of Rangpur, along with many other privileges which would facilitate their transactions and prove highly advantageous both to themselves and to the Government. His efforts, however, were not crowned with any great degree of success owing to the extreme suspicion with which all Europeans were regarded by the Bhutanese, and he was obliged in the end to leave the question for final settlement on his return from Tibet, when he hoped to be able to join the influence of the Teshu Lama to his own.

Having at length completed their arrangements, Messrs. Bogle and Hamilton set out on the 4th of October with a small retinue upon their journey northwards. They had not proceeded far, before their Hindoo attendants were greatly surprised, upon rising in the morning, at beholding the tops of the hills covered with snow, a phenomenon they had never before witnessed. Upon inquiry from the Bhutanese they were told that it was white cloths, which the Almighty had let down upon the mountains to cover them and keep them warm. As they proceeded on their journey they found that the cloths had been still further lowered, for the road they traversed was often covered with ice and snow. The mighty snow-clad mountains, some of them towering up to the height of twenty-eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, must have filled with astonishment and awe the inhabitants of the flat and fertile plains of Bengal.

Upon their arrival at Parigong, which is the frontier post of Tibet, situated at the head of the Chumbi valley, the travellers were met by six of the Teshu Lama's servants, who were to form their escort to Shigatzé. On the morning of the 27th of October, the whole party set out mounted on Tibetan ponies, one of the Lama's servants bearing in his hand the branch of a tree, from the extremity of which there waved a white handkerchief. This Mr. Bogle interpreted as a mark

of respect rendered to himself and his embassy, and the reflection caused him to assume a more upright and dignified position upon his saddle, albeit that the beast which bore him was only a little, hardy, undressed and unshod Tibetan pony. But he was soon undeceived, for no sooner had they reached a heap of stones opposite the mighty snow-clad peak of Chumularee, than the cavalcade was halted and a fire kindled of dried cow dung, which soon diffused around a most agreeable and acceptable warmth. Then Paima, the Teshu Lama's envoy, drawing from his robe a book of prayer, directed his attendants to fill a copper cup with some fermented liquor, which they had brought in a sheep's paunch, and to mingle the contents with some rice and flour. They then from time to time cast into the flames dried herbs with a small portion of flour, and poured a libation from the cup in the direction of the sacred mountain, while Paima, acting as chaplain, chanted in a loud voice the customary prayers, in which the attendants joined. The ceremony was concluded by fixing in the heap of stones the bough with the white pennon, which the travellers had regarded as a personal tribute of respect. It is curious that, as the Ganges, and many running streams are looked upon as sacred in the sun-scorched plains of India, so are the rocks and hilly peaks objects of veneration in the mountainous land of Buddha. Frequently are their summits crowned with monuments, and their sides covered with inscriptions of prayers formed by inverted pebbles, so that those who run may read.

Passing over the remaining incidents of the journey, of which Mr. Bogle has left us a graphic and interesting record, we will follow our travellers to Desheripgay, a small palace of the Teshu Lama, whither he had retired from his usual residence, the monastery of Teshu Lumbo, near Shigatzé, in consequence of an outbreak of small-pox. It was on the 18th of November, A.D. 1774, that the members of the mission rode up to the gates of the palace, and dismounting from their horses, traversed the courtyard, and ascended the ladders, which conducted to the apartments prepared for them in the upper portion of the building.¹ Immediately upon their arrival the Lama, who had already despatched a messenger to meet them on the way and present them with the white

¹ The country of Tibet being almost devoid of timber does not supply sufficient wood for the purposes of staircases; ladders are the almost universal substitute.

scarf of welcome, sent to their apartments a pot of tea already prepared, a few sacks of flour and rice, three or four dried carcasses of sheep and some whiskey. Mr. Bogle's room was small, but neatly furnished. Owing, however, to its position, immediately above the church, he was disturbed the whole day through with the incessant clash of cymbals. As night came on, all became still as death, the gates of the palace being closed an hour after sunset.

Upon the following day Mr. Bogle was admitted to his first audience. He found the Teshu Lama seated cross-legged on his throne, which was made of carved and gilded wood, and overspread with cushions. He wore upon his head a mitre-shaped cap of yellow cloth with long lappets lined with red satin. His dress was a yellow jacket of similar material with a satin mantle of the same colour thrown over his shoulders. On one side of him stood his physician with a bundle of perfumed sandal wood burning in his hand; on the other his cup-bearer. Having laid the Governor's presents before him, and delivered his letter into the Lama's hands along with the white silk scarf of friendship, Mr. Bogle took his seat upon the stool prepared for him. The Lama received him in the most engaging manner, and ordered abundant refreshments to be set before his visitors. He conversed with them in the Hindoo language, and assured them that the turbulent proceedings of the Deb Rajah had always met with his disapproval, expressing at the same time his gratitude to the Governor for the kind manner in which he had accepted his mediation in behalf of the Bhutanese. Finally, having thrown about their necks the customary white silk scarf, he permitted them to retire to their apartments. The same formal ceremonial was not repeated at subsequent interviews. On these occasions he received them with uncovered head, and was dressed only in the large red petticoat worn by all the *gyllongs*, with a yellow vest, which left his arms uncovered, red leather boots, and a piece of yellow cloth thrown over his shoulders.

Sometimes he sat on a chair or bench covered with tiger skins, but frequently he would walk about the room with his guests, explaining to them the pictures and other objects of curiosity or engaging in general conversation. For though venerated by the people as God's vicegerent, and supposed to be endowed with the Divine attributes, he was ever ready in

familiar intercourse to lay aside the awful portion of his character and accommodate himself to the weakness of mortals, endeavouring to ingratiate himself with all by his courtesy and affability. And in this he was eminently successful, for, while he enjoyed the highest reputation for wisdom and piety, he had an equal character for amiability and benevolence. He had taken for his special mission the work of pacification, and turned to account the reverence inspired by his sacred character and personal qualities for the promotion of this object. Mr. Bogle describes him as of about forty years of age, of low stature and, though not corpulent, inclined to stoutness. His complexion was fairer than that of most of the Tibetans, his arms as white as those of any European, his closely cropped hair jet black, and his countenance smiling and good humoured. As to his disposition, he was open, candid, and generous, and he was so universally beloved that no one was known to speak ill of him.

Being the first European that the natives had seen, Mr. Bogle had a constant succession of inquisitive people coming to gaze on him, and his room was crowded with visitors from morning to night. The Lama, fearing that he might be incommoded, sent him word that he could without giving offence decline to admit them. Mr. Bogle did not, however, avail himself of his thoughtful suggestion, for, considering that he was able to gratify their curiosity at an easy rate, he preferred to admit every one alike, offering them a pinch of snuff, and picking up a word or two of the language from each of his guests. His extreme affability and the evident favour in which he was held by their beloved Lama, did a great deal to diminish the suspicious jealousy with which the conquerors of India were generally regarded by the natives of Tibet.

Upon November 12th, a vast crowd of people came to pay their respects to the Lama, and receive his blessing. He was seated under a canopy in the court of the palace, and the visitors were arranged in a circle round him. They had all brought their offerings, some a cow, others the dried carcase of a sheep, others sacks of flour, rolls of cloth, &c., while those who had nothing else, presented him with a white silk scarf. These offerings were received by his attendants, who placed about the necks of his votaries a strip of silk, bearing a knot, which was supposed to have been tied by the Lama's sacred hands. After this ceremony, they advanced to the cushioned throne upon which he was seated, and according to their rank and character,

he touched their heads with his hands or merely with a tassel suspended from the end of a wand. No less than three thousand people were present on this occasion, among whom were many who carried children on their backs, and who exhibited the greatest anxiety that they also should be touched with the sacred tassel. There were also many boys and girls devoted to the monastic order, who were consecrated by having a lock of hair cropped with a knife from the crown of their heads, by the Grand Lama. After the latter had withdrawn, many of the people remained to kiss the cushions on which he had sat.

Among the other good qualities of the Lama was that of great generosity, and he had abundant opportunities of practising it. In fact the country swarmed with beggars, in addition to whom were numerous Hindoo *fakirs* and *gosains*, who flocked to the Lama's Court, ostensibly to pay him religious reverence, but in reality to share his bounty. On many of these he bestowed a monthly allowance of tea, butter, flour, &c., and often made them a considerable present on their departure. The *fakirs* are described by Mr. Bogle as a worthless set of people, having no object but their own interest, and, though covered with the cloak of religion, utterly regardless of caste and character and of everything that is held sacred among the Hindoos. They partake, he says, of all kinds of forbidden food, which they have dressed for them by Tibetan servants. They drink plentifully of spirituous liquors, and habitually transgress their vow of chastity. They intrude into every company, give their opinion unasked, and utter what they have to say at the top of their voice, and in an insolent and overbearing manner. Of the *gosains* he had a better opinion, and one of them, Purungir, rendered great services to the British cause, both on this and subsequent occasions.

After spending a few weeks at Teshripgay, Mr. Bogle accompanied the Lama on his return to his usual residence, the Lamasery of Teshu Lumbo. The journey was accompanied with great rejoicings on the part of the inhabitants of the country, who lost no opportunity of testifying their veneration and affection for their beloved Pontiff. The monastery, which is but a short distance from Shigatzé, is of immense size, and stands on the declivity of a steep hill. The palace of the Grand Lama, with its dark brick walls and copper roof, occupies the lower portion of the incline, while the dwellings of the priests

and lamas, who number some four thousand, rise above one another in ascending tiers.

During the first month after their arrival, the Teshu Lama was much engaged in receiving the bands of pilgrims who flocked from all parts of the kingdom, and even from remote countries, to offer their gifts and receive his blessing. Purses of gold dust, ingots of silver, pieces of Chinese satin, packages of tea and dried fruits, cured carcasses of sheep, bundles of fragrant wood, bags of rice and flour, sacred books, and various other offerings, were constantly laid at his feet, while he in turn bestowed his blessing on his votaries in the manner already described, occasionally addressing a few words to them in an affable and engaging manner. From time to time he partook of a cup of tea with some of his more favoured visitors, while a company of boys, dressed in coloured chintzes, with white turbans on their heads, and small axes in their hands, hopped and jumped to the music of hautboys, flutes, kettledrums, and bells. Upon one occasion when retiring, the Lama accompanied Mr. Bogle to his apartments, and conducted him on the way to the gallery of idols which was situated upon the same floor. Upon entering, he fell on his knees before the image of the god Sakya, the founder of Tibetan Buddhism, which is itself a reform of the more ancient religion of Brahma. Then passing to the various crowned and bejewelled idols, which are made of gilded copper and represented in a cross-legged position, with a pot of flour or fruit upon their laps, he sprinkled them all with rice, a ceremony which he repeated in the rooms of his two visitors.

The monotony of Mr. Bogle's residence at Teshu Lumbo, where each succeeding day was occupied with endless ceremonies, religious services, and formal visits, was agreeably interrupted by an invitation to the country house of the Lama's sister-in-law and nephews where he was most hospitably entertained, and saw much of the occupations and amusements of a Tibetan country gentleman. The principal outdoor sports were riding, shooting with arrows at a target, and coursing with greyhounds, but the young men had no scruple, when unobserved, in bringing down their game with a shot, a practice quite at variance with the mild tenets of Buddhism. At other times they went out with nets to surround and capture the musk goat on the mountain side. The hours spent within doors were pretty well filled up with music, singing, conversation, chess, and perpetual tea-drinking.

During the five months that Mr. Bogle spent at the court of the Teshu Lama, he had many opportunities of conversing with him on the objects of his mission, which were fully understood and appreciated by the large-minded pontiff. But he soon found that the real obstacle to the successful settlement of the question arose from the secret opposition of the court of Lhasa, where Chinese influence was predominant. The then regent, Gesub Rimboché, who had the sole direction of affairs during the minority of the Dalai Lama, was a bitter enemy to the English, and it was owing to a communication from him to the Teshu Lama that the entrance of the mission into the country had in the first instance been delayed. As to Mr. Bogle's desire to proceed to Lhasa and negotiate at headquarters, the Grand Lama assured him that such a step would not be permitted on any terms. If, however, he would only wait for a year or two till the Dalai Lama had attained his majority and the influence of the regent had declined, there was every reason to hope that matters could be satisfactorily arranged, especially as it was to his, the Teshu Lama's, influence that his brother-Pontiff of Lhasa owed his elevation. Meanwhile, he would solicit the court of Pekin to remove the existing prohibition of commercial intercourse between India and Tibet, and would also strive to influence the rulers of Bhutan in the same direction. With these promises, which were evidently sincere, Mr. Bogle was obliged to be content, and to leave his cause in the hands of one who had given both to himself and the Governor-General striking marks of confidence and friendship.

In the course of their frequent familiar intercourse the conversation sometimes fell on the question of religion, though Mr. Bogle did his utmost to keep clear of what he considered a delicate and compromising subject. On one occasion the Grand Lama, making a cross with his fingers, asked whether the English worshipped the cross, as formerly there had been some Fringy priests at Lhasa who did so, which bred disturbances and caused them to be driven from the country. To this Mr. Bogle replied, that he had heard of these priests, but they were not of his country, language, or religion. As to the English clergy, they remained at home, and did not travel into other countries, for the English allowed every one to worship God in his own way, as the gosain and any one who travelled in India could testify. "Thereupon," adds Mr. Bogle naively, "he changed the subject, and I was not sorry for it. For I am

not sent as a missionary, and after so many able and ingenious Jesuits, dressed in the habits of apostles and armed with beads and crucifixes, have tried in vain to convert unbelieving nations, I am not so arrogant as to believe that my labours would be successful."¹ The English agent, though an admirable diplomatist, had evidently nothing of the apostle in his composition, and on more than one occasion made but a sorry apology for Christianity. How different was the conduct of Messrs. Huc and Gabet in dealing with the benevolent regent of Lhassa, whose prejudices were dispelled and whose heart was won by their simple and devout explanation of the mysteries of our faith!

Having taken a sorrowful and final leave of the good Lama, Mr. Bogle set out, April 7, 1775, on his return journey. His way lay, as previously, through the kingdom of Bhutan, for he was desirous to complete his negotiations with the Deb Rajah. In these, he happily succeeded, and for many years the flourishing fair of Rangpur, to which the Bhutanesse merchants resorted in considerable numbers, was a striking testimony to the far-seeing statesmanship of Hastings and the skilful diplomacy of his agent. In later years, unfortunately, the fair was suffered to dwindle away and in A.D. 1831, to become extinct through the indifference and mistaken economy of the Indian Government.

Meanwhile, as long as Warren Hastings remained at the head of affairs, no opportunity was lost of improving the advantages already gained by the mission of Mr. Bogle. In A.D. 1776, Dr. Hamilton, Mr. Bogle's former companion, was sent to Bhutan on a similar mission, and in A.D. 1779, Mr. Bogle himself was re-appointed as special envoy to the Teshu Lama. His departure was deferred in consequence of the visit of the Lama to Peking, whither he had been summoned by the aged Emperor Kien-Lung, who held him in great veneration. Before setting out, he promised Mr. Bogle to obtain for him on his arrival at Peking, permission to visit that city *via* Canton, and also to urge upon the Emperor the subject of commercial intercourse between the two countries. The good Lama was not unmindful of his word, for in his first interview with the Emperor he spoke to him in the highest terms of the power, riches, and excellent qualities of his friend, the Governor-General of India, and of his desire that the emperor should entertain for him similar sentiments of regard. Unhappily, before he could pursue the subject, he was cut off

¹ *Bogle's Mission to Tibet*, &c., pp. 138—143.

by an attack of small-pox, and shortly afterwards his friend, Mr. Bogle, died at Calcutta.

Notwithstanding his previous disappointments, the indefatigable Hastings, hearing that the Teshu Lama had re-appeared upon earth by the Buddhist process of transmigration, despatched a fresh mission under Captain Samuel Turner to congratulate the Pontiff on his revival. The mission arrived at Teshu Lumbo, September 22, A.D. 1783, and was well received by the acting Regent, an old friend of Mr. Bogle. The princely child had not yet arrived at the seat of government, but was residing under the care of his parents in the Lamasery of Terpaling, two days' journey to the south of Shigatzé. Before his departure from the country, Captain Turner was admitted to the favour of an audience. He found the young Teshu Lama, then eighteen months old, seated on a throne, with his father and mother standing on his left hand. Being informed that, though unable to speak, he could understand what was said, Captain Turner went on to inform him that the Governor-General, on receiving news of his decease in China, was overwhelmed with grief, and continued to lament his absence from the world until the cloud that overcast the happiness of the nation was dispelled by his re-appearance, and then, if possible, a greater degree of joy had been inspired, than he had experienced, of grief on receiving the first mournful news. The Governor anxiously desired that he might still continue to illumine the world by his presence, and was hopeful that the friendship which had formerly subsisted between them would not be diminished, but might rather become greater than before, and that a more extensive communication might prevail between his votaries and the subjects of the British Empire. While this oration was being pronounced, the infant looked steadily at Captain Turner with the appearance of much interest, and nodded with repeated but slow motions of the head as if he understood every word. He was silent and sedate; his whole attention was directed to the envoy, and he conducted himself with astonishing dignity and decorum. He was the handsomest child, Captain Turner declares, that he had ever seen, and he grew up to be an able and benevolent ruler, beloved and venerated by his Tibetan subjects like his predecessor, and dying at a good old age.

Though this was the last English mission which succeeded in penetrating to Shigatzé, Hastings at the time when he left

India, had actually a diplomatic agent at the court of the Teshu Lama. This was the Hindoo Purungir Gosain, the faithful companion of Mr. Bogle, and trusted attendant of the former Grand Lama. Upon this occasion he was sent by Hastings as his representative on occasion of the great ceremony of the installation of the infant prince at the Lamasery of Teshu Lumbo, A.D. 1794. Unfortunately the far-seeing policy of the ablest of our Indian Governors was replaced after his departure by one of apathy and indifference, which led to disastrous results. It was under the rule of Lord Cornwallis, his successor, that the turbulent Ghoorkhas, having completed the conquest of Nepal, poured their savage hordes into Tibet, and penetrated to Teshu Lumbo, which they sacked and plundered. The Grand Lama, still in his infancy, was hastily removed to Lhasa, while his dominions were ravaged and laid waste by the invaders. Had the Indian Government intervened in the first instance by putting their veto on the expedition, or later, by coming to the assistance of the Tibetans, they would have merited their eternal gratitude, and obtained an influence in the country, which would probably have been permanent, but instead of that, they looked on wavering and undecided. Meanwhile, the panic-stricken Tibetans, seeing no hope from the side of India, appealed for aid to the Government of China, which despatched with great rapidity to the spot an army seventy thousand strong to demand the immediate submission of the Nepalese and the restoration of the booty. The latter, having ventured to return an insolent answer, were immediately attacked, routed at all points, and compelled to submit to a humiliating treaty, by which they were bound to pay an annual tribute, and send every five years to Peking an embassy to render homage to the "Son of Heaven." Thus were the Chinese allowed the opportunity of rivetting their chains upon our two border countries, Nepal and Tibet. It was upon this occasion that the frontier forts were repaired and strengthened, the garrisons reinforced, and the strictest regulations made against the admission of either Englishman or Hindoo within the Tibetan frontier. In a word, it was then that that policy of entire isolation was finally established, which has continued absolute and unmitigated to the present day.

*The Eruption of Krakatoa.*¹

I. HISTORY AND CAUSE.

ALTHOUGH historical time may have seen greater and more destructive eruptions than that which occurred in the Sunda Straits in the year 1883, yet the last surpasses all others in its paroxysmal violence, and in the exceptional nature of its effects. As it took place in these days of great scientific activity, the observations both on the volcanic outburst itself, as also on the phenomena which followed, are extremely numerous, and are moreover characterized by great care and exactness. Accordingly, the Royal Society early in the year 1884, appointed a committee to collect all records and reports of the event, with a view to their discussion and publication in a collected form. This committee amalgamated shortly afterwards with a similar committee of the Royal Meteorological Society, which had undertaken the reduction of all the data concerning the after-glows, and other atmospheric phenomena consequent on the eruption. The well-known meteorologist, Mr. G. J. Symons, was the chairman. The committee was subsequently divided into sub-sections, which severally undertook to discuss the geological, meteorological, sea-wave and magnetic aspects of the eruption. Their reports were submitted to the Council of the Royal Society in the spring of 1887, and this body, while authorizing their publication, "expressed no opinion on the work." The volume embodying the results accordingly appeared in October, 1887, a magnificent book, of the highest scientific value, and greatly redounding to the praise of the learned committee who sent it forth.² As we are told in the Preface, the mass of material discussed includes barometric

¹ *The Eruption of Krakatoa, and subsequent phenomena.* Report of the Krakatoa Committee of the Royal Society. London: Trübner and Co., 1888.

² The names of the Committee were as follows: Hon. R. Abercromby, E. Archibald, Prof. T. Bonney, the late Sir F. Evans, Dr. Geikie, Prof. J. Judd, J. Norman Lockyer, Hon. F. Rollo Russell, R. Scott, Prof. G. G. Stokes, Lieut.-General Strachey, G. Symons, Capt. W. Wharton.

curves from fifty observatories, magnetic curves from another eleven, tidal records from fifty stations, besides between three and four hundred letters, most of them inclosing bulky reports. When there is added to all this the work of translation of many of the letters, and the conversion of all local time into Greenwich mean time, the rapidity with which the final volume has been produced, must excite the astonishment of all who have had to do with the practical reduction of observations. In the present paper we propose to set before our readers a short account of the history of the volcano, and the proximate cause of the recent violent eruption.

The mountain of Krakatoa, which gives its name to the small island on which it is situated, lies in the Strait of Sunda, the channel connecting the Indian Ocean with the China Sea, and the highway for vessels which carry the teas and silks of China and Japan to the countries of the West. Its geographical position is long. $105^{\circ} 26'$ E of Greenwich, and lat. $6^{\circ} 8'$ S. The isle of Krakatoa, together with Lang Island and Verlaten Island, which lie respectively to the N.E. and N.W., are evidently the remains of a large volcano which must, in the early days of the earth's history, have been of considerable extent, and of great altitude. Similar dispositions of such volcanic wrecks, parts in fact of ancient crater rings, are to be seen elsewhere on the surface of the globe, as for instance in the island of Santorin of the Greek Archipelago, a fine bay now occupying the site of the old crater, or in the heights of Somma, in the neighbourhood of Mount Vesuvius, or again in the Banda Isles of the East Indian seas. To the astronomer the crater rings observed all over the lunar surface present a well-known analogous phenomenon. The early history of Krakatoa and the surrounding islets must have been that of all great volcanoes. In the first stage they would have formed a beautiful conical mountain (Cotopaxi in Ecuador is such a one), until a day came when an eruption far transcending in magnificence anything witnessed in historical times, would have blown away the whole mass of the cone, leaving a huge crater ring with an altitude of but a few hundred feet. In this crater ring quieter eruptions would now supervene, portions of such freshly erupted matter forming the present islands of the group. These changes, moreover, must have occurred within a comparatively recent geological epoch, for the volcanic rocks rest upon post-tertiary deposits, and these

again on tertiary rocks. The constituent lavas of these volcanoes are more acid in their composition than those of their neighbours in Java and Sumatra, containing as high a percentage as 70 of silica. This is worthy of note, taken in connection with the fact that the highest peak on the Krakatoa Island called Rakata, and rising 2623 feet above the sea-level is composed of a basaltic lava, thus showing that it is a parasitical cone, formed by the welling up of molten magma, at a period subsequent to the formation of the rest of the island. One eruption has been recorded in historical times, that of the year A.D. 1680. The recent eruption was, as is generally the case, preceded by an earthquake. This took place on September 1, 1880, and it caused severe damage to the lighthouse on Java's first point.

But before proceeding with the story of the catastrophe, we must call attention to the peculiar position of the mountain, for it is, as it were, the very hub wherein meet the lines of volcanic force, in that region which is at present the focus of the eruptive energy of the world. In A.D. 1610 the Dutch founded Batavia, and since that date, of the forty-nine great volcanic mountains which are scattered over Java, an island having about the same superficial area as England, more than half have been in active eruption. To mention in passing but two of these outbursts; Mount Papandayang, in the year 1772, threw out sufficient ashes and scorïæ to cover an area of a radius of seven miles with a layer fifty feet thick, burying in one night forty native villages, and slaying three thousand of the inhabitants. Its companion Mount Galunggung, during an eruption of five days in 1822, killed twenty thousand people. Many volcanoes also exist in the neighbouring island of Sumatra, and if a line be drawn connecting these craters with those of Java, and another line along the Strait of Sunda, joining together the volcanic peaks of Mount Pajung in Java, Princes Island, Sebesi Island, and Mount Rajah Bassá in Sumatra, they will curiously enough find a point of intersection in the island of Krakatoa.¹ Again, as is the case with every other volcano, it is situated near to water, for water, heat, and pressure are the three great factors in all volcanic changes.

¹ "The volcanoes of Java are mostly in two lines: one, commencing near Cape St. Nicholas, its north-western extremity, passes diagonally across the island to its south-eastern headland on the Strait of Bali. . . . Their peculiar character is, that they are distinct and separate mountains, and not peaks in a continuous chain." (Bickmore, *Travels in the East Indian Archipelago*, p. 52.)

But to return to the tale of the latest eruption. It began on May 20, 1883, when booming sounds as if of guns being fired were heard at Batavia and Buitenzorg,¹ two towns in Java, each about one hundred miles from the volcano. Next day there was a sprinkling of ashes at the latter place, as also at Telok Betong on the Sumatran side of the strait, and in the evening a steam column was seen to be rising from the mountain. The steamer *Conrad* which arrived at Batavia on the 24th of May, when passing to the north of Krakatoa on the preceding evening, had its decks covered with ashes to the depth of an inch and a half, and was delayed for five hours by great fields of ejected pumice-stone. So that this preliminary and quieter phase of the outburst, quieter when compared with what was about to come, must yet have been of considerable violence. Indeed the column of dust from the mountain is computed to have reached to a height of seven miles, and portions of the same fell at places as far as three hundred miles away. The eruption was sufficiently violent to excite interest even in the land of volcanoes, where fiery outbreaks are frequent, and earthquakes take place on an average once a month. Accordingly the island was visited by a pleasure-party from Batavia on the 27th of May, when the first violence had somewhat abated. The seat of the volcanic forces was seen to be situated in the peak of Perboewattan on the lower and northern part of the island, which was about three hundred feet above the sea-level. A fine white dust like snow covered the whole of Krakatoa and the adjoining isles. The vapour cloud was found to be somewhat less than 10,000 feet high, while fragments of pumice were being ejected some six hundred feet into the air. Every five or ten minutes loud explosions took place, and the seething lava which filled the chimney being thereby uncovered was reflected in dazzling splendour from the lower portions of the dust cloud. The noise was such that the firing of a rifle was in comparison likened to the pulling of a bon-bon cracker amidst the hilarity of a banquet-hall. A photograph of the burning mountain was taken from the deck of the passenger-vessel, and was afterwards coloured by an eye-witness. Copies of the same form Plate I. of the Royal Society's Report. From this date there was a rapid decrease in

¹ The sounds of this eruption were heard as far off as Singapore, five hundred and twenty-two miles to the north, and a fall of ashes obscured the sun at Kroë in Sumatra, distant from Krakatoa one hundred and thirty-four miles.

the violence of the eruptive forces, followed by renewed energy, which on the 24th of June culminated in the formation of a second crater. After this a third appeared, both these latter being most probably in the immediate neighbourhood of Mount Danan the central peak of the island. Besides these three larger foci, no less than eleven other volcanic vents were in active eruption in various parts of Krakatoa. This phase of continuous eruptions of but moderate violence—or as it is termed in volcanic science, Strombolian stage—was soon to give place to the paroxysmal or Vesuvian type. These remarkable outbursts of August 26—28, must now be described.

It so happened that three European vessels were in the straits on the awful night of the 26th of August, the *Charles Bal* (Captain Watson) bound for Hong-Kong, the steamship *Gouverneur-Generaal Loudon* (Commandant, T. H. Lindermann) plying between Batavia, Anjer, and Telok-Betong, and the barque *Marie*, anchored off the last-named town. Two other vessels, the *Norham Castle* and the *Sir Robert Sale* were at the east entrance of the strait on the 26th, and only succeeded in effecting a passage with great difficulty on the 28th. We cannot do better than quote portions¹ of the vivid descriptions of Captain Watson, and the Commandant Lindermann, as to their unique experiences on the fearful night. Captain Watson writes:²

On the 26th, about 9 a.m. passed Prince's Island; at noon the Island of Krakatoa, to the north-east of us, but only a small portion of the north-east point, close to the water, showing; rest of the island covered with a dense black cloud. At 3.30 we heard above us and about the island a strange sound as of a mighty, crackling fire, or the discharge of heavy artillery at second intervals of time. At five the roaring noise continued and increased; darkness spread over the sky, and a hail of pumice-stone fell on us, many pieces being of considerable size and quite warm. About six o'clock the fall of larger stones ceased, but there continued a steady fall of a smaller kind, most blinding to the eyes, and covering the decks to three or four inches very speedily, while an intense blackness covered the sky and land and sea.

Brought ship to the wind, south-west, as we could not see any distance, the night being a fearful one. The blinding fall of sand and stones, the intense blackness above and around us, broken only by the

¹ In the following quotation we have omitted to mark by dots the places where the narrative has been broken. The excerpted portions are made to run as a continuous story.

² *Nature*, December 6, 1883, copied from *Liverpool Daily Post*.

incessant glare of various kinds of lightning and the continued explosive roar of Krakatoa, made our situation a truly awful one. At 11 p.m. the island, eleven miles distant, became more visible, chains of fire appearing to ascend and descend between the sky and it, while on the south-west end there seemed to be a continued roll of balls of white fire; the wind though strong, was hot and choking, sulphureous, with a smell as of burning cinders, some of the pieces falling on us being like iron cinders, and the lead from a bottom of thirty fathoms came up quite warm.

From midnight to 4 a.m. (27th), the same impenetrable darkness continuing, the roaring of Krakatoa less continuous, but more explosive in sound, the sky one second intense blackness, and the next a blaze of fire, mastheads and yardarms studded with corposants. At 11.15 there was a fearful explosion in the direction of Krakatoa, now over thirty miles distant. We saw a wave rush right on to the Button Island, apparently sweeping right over the south part, and rising half way up the north and east sides. This we saw repeated twice, but the helmsman says he saw it once before we looked. The same wave seemed also to run right on to the Java shore. At the same time the sky rapidly covered in; the wind came strong from south-west by south; by 11.30 we were inclosed in a darkness that might almost be felt, and at the same time commenced a downpour of mud, sand, and I know not what; put out the side-lights, placed two men on the look-out forward, while mate and second mate looked out on either quarter, and one man employed washing the mud off binnacle glass. At noon the darkness was so intense that we had to grope our way about the decks, and although speaking to each other on the poop, yet could not see each other. This horrible state and downpour of mud, &c., continued until 1.30 p.m., the roaring of the volcano and lightnings being something fearful. By 2 p.m. we could see some of the yards aloft, and the fall of mud ceased. Up to midnight the sky hung dark and heavy, a little sand falling at times, the roaring of the volcano being very distinct, although fully sixty-five or seventy miles off it. Such darkness and time of it in general few would conceive, and many, I dare say, would disbelieve. The ship, from truck to water-line, is as if cemented; spars, sails, blocks, and ropes in a terrible mess; but, thank God, nobody hurt or ship damaged. On the other hand, how fares it with Anjer, Merak, and the other little villages on the Java coast?

We may supplement this striking account by some quotations from Commandant Lindermann.¹ He left Batavia on the morning of the 26th of August and reached Anjer at 2 p.m. on the same day. Thence he sailed to Telok Betong in Sumatra, where he arrived at 7.30 p.m. But being unable to land on account of the raging storm, he anchored out in the bay. The

¹ *Proc. R. S.* Vol. xxxvi. p. 201, Jan. 10, 1884.

next morning at 7.30 he concluded to start on his return voyage to Anjer, but at 10 a.m. he was forced to come to anchor "because the ash rain kept continually growing thicker and thicker, and pumice-stone also began to be rained, of which some pieces were several inches thick. The air grew steadily darker and darker, and at 10.30 a.m. we were in total darkness just the same as on a very dark night. The wind was from the westward, and began to increase till it reached the force of a hurricane. Heavy storms, the lightning struck the mainmast conductor six or seven times, but did no damage. The rain of pumice-stones changed to a violent mud rain, and this mud rain was so heavy that in the space of ten minutes the mud lay half a foot deep. At 2 p.m. the mud rain changed to a light ash rain. The darkness remained the same until the following morning at 4 a.m."

After finding the straits very much altered in appearance, and crowded with layers of floating pumice, one of them through which he cut his way being seven or eight feet thick, he steamed passed Krakatoa on Wednesday, the 28th, and "noticed that the middle of the island had disappeared." At 4 p.m., he reached Anjer, and found that the port no longer existed. Among other curious phenomena noted by the same eye-witness, we learn that "the mud rain which covered the masts, rigging and decks, was phosphorescent, and on the rigging presented the appearance of St. Elmo's fire. The natives engaged themselves busily in putting this phosphorescent light out with their hands, and were so intent on this occupation that the stokers left the engine-rooms for this purpose, so that the European engineers were left to drive the machinery for themselves. The natives pleaded that if this phosphorescent light, or any portion of it, found its way below, a hole would burst in the ship: not that they feared the ship taking fire, but they thought the light was the work of evil spirits, and that if the ill-omened light found its way below, the evil spirits would triumph in their design to scuttle the ship."

It is also interesting to note an observation of Captain Wooldridge, of the *Sir R. Sale*, who saw the cloud above the mountain having the "appearance of an immense pine-tree, with the stem and branches formed with volcanic lightning." The first recorded eruption of Mount Vesuvius is that described in Pliny the Younger's second letter to Tacitus the historian,

and here, curiously enough, in this first scientific account of a volcanic outburst, we have the same phenomenon observed. "A cloud arose which in appearance and shape was more like a pine-tree than anything else."¹ This pine-tree-like cloud is a well-known and characteristic feature of all Vesuvian eruptions. The electrical discharges were on the grandest scale conceivable, and beggar all description. They are to be accounted for by the friction of the jets of steam as they burst a way through the earth's crust, and also by the striking together of ejected materials while in mid-air. As we have seen by the foregoing descriptions, it was the early morning of the 27th of August which was more especially marked by explosive outbursts, and both accounts mention the hours of 10.30 a.m., or thereabouts, as the time of the greatest catastrophe. In fact, after the first eruptions of the 26th, the evisceration of the volcano having opened up a way for the ocean waters into the heart of the mountain, the molten lava seems to have rapidly cooled, with a consequent slight check in the eruptive energies. But this was not to last long, it was only "the fastening down of the safety-valve of the steam-boiler, while the fires below were maintained in full activity." For by this means the tension of the gases contained in the glassy magma which now filled the volcanic chimney was enormously increased. When at length the strain in the seething mass could no longer be maintained, there ensued a series of explosions, such as, in all probability, the eye of man had never before witnessed. These took place at 5.30, 6.44, 10.2, and 10.52 local time on the morning of the 27th of August, the third being by far the grandest and the most destructive in its results. Two-thirds of the island, or about two cubic miles of material, were simply blown away, nothing remaining but a part of the peak of Rakata. Where before altitudes of from 300 to 1,400 feet above sea-level had been reached, the land now shows in places depths of 1,000 feet. The small islet of Polish Hat completely disappeared, but on the other hand both Lang Island and Verlaten Island have received a considerable addition of new matter, the latter now possessing three times its original area. Two new islands named Steers and Calmeyer, perhaps as in the well-known case of Graham's

¹ "Nubes . . . oriebatur, cujus similitudinem et formam non alia magis arbor quam pinus expressit." (Plin. *Epist.* vi. 16.)

Island in the Mediterranean, caused by a submarine eruption,¹ or it may be formed out of the wreckage of Krakatoa, appeared in the channel between that island and Sebesi. These, however, were subsequently levelled by the action of the waves, and their materials were spread over the bottom of the sea. This again has been altered to a considerable extent within an area of some 140 square miles about the mountain. Thus an elevation of from ten to sixty feet for about ten to twelve miles round Krakatoa has taken place, excepting that along a line running east from the volcano, and almost coinciding with the line of volcanic force before referred to, a great fissure seems to have been opened for a length of eight or nine miles.

Besides these alterations in the depths of the sea-bottom, a very immediate effect of the continued explosions was the generation of a succession of destructive sea-waves, which spread havoc and ruin over the surrounding coasts. But that which followed the grand explosion of 10 a.m. was by far the most disastrous in its results. It overran the coasts of Java and Sumatra for a considerable distance, sweeping away the towns and villages and destroying all the inhabitants. Among the towns which disappeared in the mighty flood of water was the important station of Anjer, as also Merak and Tyingen. Again we quote the account of an eye-witness, one of the few survivors from Anjer.¹

"I was by the sea-shore, when I perceived an enormous mass of black water coming towards me, which flowed from the high seas and seemed to reach even to the heavens. It advanced rapidly with a rumbling like that of thunder. In an instant I was carried off by the torrent, and recommending my soul to God, I believed that my last hour had come. By a supreme effort, I kept myself up on the surface of the waters; and as far as my eye could reach I saw nought but the waves of the sea. At length I was cast against a tree, which I succeeded in clutching. From the top of this tree, for I had succeeded in hoisting myself up, I looked around. There, where but just now was the town of Anjer, I saw only a muddy sea, from whence the tops of trees and some roofs were emerging. Suddenly the waves subsided, and returned to the-

¹ Prestwich, *Geology*, vol. i. p. 206.

¹ *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes pour 1884; Les grands fléaux de la Nature*, Faye, p. 759.

sea. I saw them flow back under my eyes with wonderful rapidity, and soon I was able to descend to the ground. I was saved. I ran distracted through the streets of Anjer, but on all sides I met with but death and destruction. The town is nothing more than a mass of ruins, and dead bodies everywhere. Full of fear, I fled in the direction of Serang."

No less than 36,380 people are reckoned as having perished on the Javan and Sumatran coasts in this appalling inrush of the waters. The Government steamer *Berouw*, which lay in the roadstead at Telok Betong was carried two miles inland, and left high and dry among the cocoa-nut trees some thirty feet above the sea-level, every soul on board perishing.

Meanwhile the pine-tree cloud of dust and watery vapours, now between seventeen and twenty-three miles high, began to extend in a lateral direction, and there commenced a rain of dust and ashes mingled with pieces of pumice, some of considerable size. At Batavia, one hundred miles off, the rain of mud commenced at 10.30, amidst a darkness as black as night. It continued till past mid-day. Windows were burst in, walls cracked, lamps were overturned, and a gasometer leapt from its well under the influence of the air vibrations caused by the eruption. The darkness extended one hundred and fifty miles from the volcano, while dust was collected from the *Arabella* as far away as 1,100 English miles. The sound of the explosion was heard over an egg-shaped area extending more to the west than eastwards, and embracing one thirteenth of the surface of the globe. The distances at which it was distinctly perceived are unprecedented, such as at Rodriguez 2,968 miles to the west, in Ceylon 2,058 miles and in parts of South Australia 2,250 miles away, while it is reported from vessels which were respectively 1,291 miles to the west, and 1,227 miles to the east of the volcano. The further effects of the ejected dust and of the air-waves which were set up, we shall treat of more at large in their proper place. A final outbreak seems to have occurred on the 10th of October, large quantities of black mud being ejected with a loud explosive noise.

In treating of the cause¹ of the eruption, it will be best to follow Professor Judd, who has in a masterly manner drawn up this section of the report, although it must be borne in mind

¹ The subject of the cause of volcanic eruptions and the various opinions thereon will be found fully explained in the chapter on Volcanoes in vol. i. of Professor Prestwich's recent work on Geology.

that some of the phenomena might be interpreted in a different sense by other authorities in volcanic science. The eruption at Krakatoa was, as has been remarked before, of an extremely paroxysmal and explosive nature. A continual "check and rally" action was set up by the volcanic forces, at first with intervals of days and even weeks, and then with shorter periods of hours. The cause of such a remarkable characteristic, is thus stated by our authority.¹ "The action going on within a volcanic vent during eruption is in all essential features identical with that which takes place in the throat of a geyser. In both cases we have a mass of heated liquid, in the midst of which large quantities of gaseous materials are being disengaged so as to escape into the atmosphere as the pressure is relieved, and these escaping gases carry up with them portions of the liquid in which they have been confined. Now just as the throwing of sods and earth into the tube of a geyser, by causing a check in the escape of steam and water, and thereby leading to an augmentation of the tension in the elastic fluids below, gives rise to a more than usually violent explosion, so the interruption of the regular ejections going on at Krakatoa, consequent on the chilling of the surface of the lava in the vent by intrushes of sea water, caused *a check and then a rally* of the pent-up force of gases seeking to escape from the molten mass. The serious catastrophic outbursts that produced such startling effects both in the air and in the ocean appear to me to have been the direct consequences of this "check and rally" of the subterranean forces."²

And again:³ "If, as I shall show when I proceed to discuss the nature of the materials ejected from Krakatoa, the cause of the eruptive action was due to the disengagement of volatile substances *actually contained in those materials*, the checking of the activity, by the influx into the molten mass of vast quantities

¹ *Krakatoa Report*, p. 25.

² Although it would seem most likely that the "check and rally" action and the violent explosions in the case of Krakatoa resulted from some such action as described in the text, yet to the view that volcanic outbursts in general are due to the tension of imprisoned gases, under the effect of heat, finally overcoming the pressures put upon them, we must among other objections adduce the following from Professor Prestwich's *Geology*. "If the molten mass were so permeated by gases and vapours, the eruption of lava and the discharge of vapours would always be concurrent, and there could be no discharge of the one without the accompaniment of the other; whereas there are many eruptions which are altogether explosive, while in other eruptions—many of them very large—the flow of lava is effected quietly and without the detonations and ejections caused by the explosion of vapour."

³ *Loc. cit.* p. 22.

of cold sea-water, would have the same effect as fastening down the safety-valve of a steam boiler, while the fires below were maintained in full activity. The constant augmentation of tension beneath Krakatoa, in the end gave rise to a series of tremendous explosions, on a far grander scale than those resulting directly from the influx of sea-water into the vent. . . .” According to Professor Judd, then, it would seem that the determining causes of volcanic eruptions are to be found in the infiltration of water into the glassy magma of the earth’s interior, which is disseminated in every portion of it, and hence, under the effect of heat, an increase in the tension of the imprisoned gases and vapours, which by their expansive force create fissures and rents in the earth’s crust, through which the molten lava can find a way. An examination of the lavas of Krakatoa would seem to lend great countenance to this view. We proceed to give some facts about them.

The older lavas, or those belonging to the eruption which occurred long ages ago, are of the light or acid type, having as high a percentage of silica¹ as 69·74. Next in order of date are the lavas which built up the parasitical cone of Rakata, split in twain by the recent eruption. These are of the basic or heavy kind, the percentage of silica now falling to 48·81. But in the latest and third period of eruptive action we have a return to the acid lavas of the first period, the percentage of silica being now as high as 70. This acid rock is of the kind known as enstatite-dacite. But these two lavas, although possessing almost identically the same chemical composition, differ in several remarkable particulars. For the history of the volcano shows that the first period lava must have flowed from the volcanic chimney with hardly any explosive action, and settled down to build up a massive cone, while the exit of that of the third period was, as we have seen, intensely violent, flowing with great liquidity, and on the pressure being relieved as it arrived in the outer air, distending rapidly into pumice, with an escape of the volatile gases “imprisoned in every part of the glassy mass.” Again, if portions of the two lavas be held in the blow-pipe flame, while the former breaks up by decrepitation, the latter becomes rapidly liquid. The

¹ The chemical element silicon, forms only one oxide, silica, which is the most abundant solid found on earth, entering as it does into the composition of nearly all the common rocks except limestone. A lava is said to be acid or basic according as the proportion of silica it contains exceeds or falls below 50 per cent.

crystals, too, contained in the one, bear marks of the corrosive action of the fluid in which they floated, which is not the case with those formed out of the other. Both these facts lead irresistibly to the inference that the temperature of the first period lava was much higher than that of the third period, so that the violent explosive action in the last eruption cannot be attributed to excess of heat. But suppose we admit the presence of water in the latter lava. What follows? Bearing in mind the well-known fact that the melting points of salts, and of silicates as well as of others, are lowered by an admixture with water, it is to the presence of water in the latter lava that we must attribute its great fusibility, even though its temperature were lower than that of the original outflow. But even in this older lava there are to be found signs of the percolation of water, so that, a further point, it would seem most highly probable that the recent lavas were formed by the re-fusion of their predecessors.

Therefore, to sum up in the words of our author,¹ "It is through the introduction of the sea and other surface-waters into rock-masses by slow percolation from above, and the consequent formation of new compounds, more readily acted upon by subterranean heat, that I am disposed to regard volcanic phenomena as being brought about. In this we find an explanation of the proximity of volcanoes to great bodies of water, which it seems to me is far more in accord with the actual phenomena than the supposition that water finds access to volcanic foci by means of actual open fissures."

In a future paper we propose to discuss more in detail the various physical effects which followed this extraordinary eruption.

A. L. CORTIE.

¹ *Ib.* p. 46.

Voices from the Tower.

III.--LADY JANE GREY.

WEL-A-WAY !
Fortune flown,
Night and day,
Sad and lone,
Here I pray,
And make moan ;
While the days,
Each unknown,
Come and pass,
All as one—
Wel-a-way !

Soon will Spring,
Earth to cheer,
Flowers forth bring,
And the dear
Glad birds sing—
But not here !
Where, I wis,
Cold and drear
Winter 'tis
All the year,—
O sweet Spring !

Hap what may,
Here below,

Ne'er will they
Sing and blow,
Blithe and gay,
Well I know,
More for me!
Death, for aye,
My Spring be,
Nor delay!
Wel-a-way!

I cannot rhyme as once my wont it was,
And oft when I was saddest; but, good sooth,
Such piteous dolour as I then did know,
Was but some joy or gladness in disguise,
And differ'd from this veritable woe
As painted anguish from hot scalding tears!

Me miserable! Yet, certes, am not I
Of mine own naughtiness thus grieved, and here—
Here in this hold, the very name whereof
Doth send a thrill of terror to the heart,
Yea, even at those gay times, when they are fain
To mask its features foul, and muffle up
All dark and bloody places out of sight,
In such sort that its dungeons for the nonce
Show in mock splendour for the halls of joy—
As when, erewhile—while, all so brief, and yet.
Ah me, what woeful-weary long-ago!—
Thrust back were cruel gates and portals grim,
With trumpet-blare and shouts of wild acclaim,
Me greeting, as, amid the obeisant throng,
I and my glittering train proud entry made,
To wait my coronation. Even then, forsooth,
As snow untimely takes the flowers in May,
Fell sudden chill upon the firstling hopes

And joys up-sprung within me, and at once,
Did so benumb and blight them, wither up,
And leave all dead and dreary, that more sad
Than living sorrows in my heart they lay!

God knows the treason—treason if it were—
Was none of mine own will or cognizance,
Who, when they came and plied me day by day
With glozèd hints and whisper'd subtleties,
Lent but a dull uncomprehending ear,
Them vexing; and at last, when they had wrought,
By long and persevering arts and wiles,
A tortuous channel to my diffident sense,
And therein with the current of their speech
Slid its dread meaning, like a poison'd blade
With bitter pang it pierced me through and through,
Yet left me strength to breathe *I will not, I!*
No peace or comfort after that! And when
Eftsoons they came and on their bended knees
Hail'd me for Queen, the startled timorous blood
Rush'd, frighted from my heart, and at their feet,
Who bow'd but now in homage at my own,
In swoon I prostrate fell! O rash device,
And ruthless mandate of my kith and kin!
Nor was it till my lord, who vex'd did seem,
As he the matter held no less at heart,
Took up their suit and urged it as his own,
With words both soft and hard—yea, with some jar
Of muffled threats that ill became, methought,
The all-new license of our tender yoke—
That I, reluctant still, did feebly yield,
Accepting their allegiance. Lack-alack!
Well had it them sufficed, methinks, that I
Of filial duty to their stern behest
Obedient, 'gainst the dictate of my soul,

(Or what in ignorance I held for such)
And heart-free inclination, him did take,
With shrug nor murmur, for my wedded lord!
Not that I do repent me, seeing that he,
Despite a seeming blemish here and there,
Which, like the freckles on a fruit, did serve
But to enhance what well did seem they marr'd,
Soon won a way to my fair amity,
Which pity now, as love to pity moves,
Doth move my heart to love—*now*, when fell fate
Ordains it thus, so early, all too late!
For certes—and to burthen of my woes
The dreadful thought doth tenfold sorrow add—
Albeit our union [yet how slow the snare
I to divine!] was but the corner stone
Whereon his daring sire did look to build
His lofty aims that should him lift in reach
Of princely sway and greatness; still, my fall,
My fall so dire it was that dragged him down,
Involved in my own ruin unto death!
Sole drop of sweetness in my bitter cup,
'Mid grief's dark night the one and only star
Of comfort is it that, full slow to guess
The mutter'd riddles of their deep designs,
And quick their hand to hold when they would thrust
The crown upon my young reluctant head,
I yet did yield—his wish and will, with less
Than much good grace, it may be, once declared—
For Guilford his sole sake.

Had God so will'd,
One young life lengthen'd had prevented all!
Alack! alack! O gentle prince full sweet,
King-cousin mine! when they, my kinsmen, too,
Him taking in sore sickness, so did ply

His dying ear with plaints of mock concern
For the religious future of the realm,
And hints of subtle flatteries that touched
His kingly duty and prerogative,
Or ever he did murmur slow consent
To their appeal, that had for aim to make
Me but subservient to their selfish ends,
Would God he well had hearken'd and inclined
To sager counsel of one faithful friend,
Brave upright Montague, nor set his hand
To deeds that seal'd the ruin of our cause,
And my death-warrant !

Still, gloze it as we may,
Or deem past understanding—although not our's
To pry into the Lord's Almighty ways,
Or doubt their hidden wisdom—sure it is,
The God of battles and of right Divine
Fought for Queen Mary. How, otherwise, had it been—
Ourselves by fortune masters of the field,
And all the Royal Treasury to boot,
Our's the chief nobles and the Council our's,
The troops, the fleet, and still no reckoning made
Of promised aid from France—while she, one woman,
Void of all conquering charms, against the odds
Of usurpation and might-armour'd men,
Determined to defend it, and, as well did seem,
Much at our mercy as an empty ship,
Abandon'd 'mid the turbulent winds and waves—
Alone, defenceless, helpless, hopeless, yea,
One only woman in her frock of faith,
Opposed by forces nothing short of more
Than madness could or would e'er challenge—yet,
Yet unto her remain'd the victory !

Although 'twas none of my own courting, still
Do I confess my fate deserved, nor plain
Against my sentence of Queen Mary seal'd—
Doubtless more moved thereto by evil tongues,
And policy of State, than by the pricks
Of any vengeful malice of her own ;
Albeit, methinks, my youth and innocence
Of all intent or knowledge of wrong-doing
Might well have pleaded on my poor behoof,
And touch'd her heart to pity,—for I wis
In woman's breast heart never yet did beat
But it contain'd some one all-tender spot,
Knew love but how to reach it. Too late! too late!
To-morrow and to-morrow, and the sun
Will rise and round his course from morn to eve,
Nor miss me from the shadows, and my name
Still dwell on people's tongues, who, till the next
Good-morrow will their gossip make of me,
As long since dead who died but yesterday,
And then will talk nor of me ponder more!
How well I mind me of the simple song
I made one day in melancholy mood,
And, to my spinet straight betaking me,
Thereto of their own way fain let the keys
Make a sad music :

Pretty floweret, late that grew
In my garden, where the sun
Came each morn a-wooing you,
Now your dalliance is all done!
Better, 'tis, than had you stay'd,
Soon to bloom, then slowly fade.

Birdie, O can this be death,
Full of song but yesterday,

Singing with your latest breath,
Scarce yet wholly hush'd your lay!
Better so than by-and-bye
Left, perchance, to pine and die.

Life so blithe, and love so sweet,
World so full fair to behold;
Chance and change and years that fleet,
Life soon wanes, and love grows cold;
Saith my heart within me, best
Young to die and be at rest.

A nine days Queen—nor many more a wife!
'Twas little, yet 'twas all; and, strange so'er
As seemeth what, or ever it befell,
The heart of me had held impossible,
What wonder if the novelty and charm
Of regal rights and splendrous dignities
Did e'en bewitch the fancy of a girl
Fond of sweet peace and privacy as I?
Still, in my heaven of hope, from first to last,
Misgiving, cloudlike, at the zenith hung,
Charged with disaster dire. Few months ago,
What proud Court lady had not envied me,
Who now were only all so glad, were I
But some poor peasant maiden! Yea, from the first,
Ere they brake in upon me at my books
And broidery with their mandates and intrigues,
Scaring the pretty fancies that had made
My heart their dovecote, but all flew away,
Never to come back more—with these and those,
Whose pages were a pleasaunce where my mind
Wander'd 'mid beauteous flowers and all among
A maze of myrtle alleys and arcades,
E'er coming at each turn on something new,

Some fount or grotto of a sweet surprise,
Content was I, and happy had I been
To live my simple life, nor more had ask'd
Than leave to spend it in some lone retreat,
Far from the pomps and pleasures of the world,
And where the world no more than I thereof
Had further dream'd of me!

Me miserable!

To die so young, so full of unlived years
Of happiness! Yet who may doubt
That of the Lord's own will all-merciful
Each life is rounded to a perfect whole,
Whate'er its compass be—of months or years
Few, or of measure over and above
The appointed limit of humanity?
So I, who perish in my spindling youth,
Standing as yet, or who erewhile did stand,
With trembling feet for wonder and delight,
No more than merely on the golden marge
Of life's fair boundless sea, far, far away
Out-stretch'd before me, till its distant sheen
With heaven's did mingle, and one splendour made—
Even I may still be holden none the less
As having my due destiny fulfill'd,
That well had scarce beginning, for that ne'er
Of fulness fails the life of little span
God in His love and mercy doth foreclose,
Not leave to linger till its years grow wan,
And wither like the petals of a rose.

ROBERT STEGGALL.

Given a First Cause—what then?

THE title of this article would seem out of place in THE MONTH, firstly because it has a questionable sound, suggestive of downward progression, and secondly, because the true answer is contained in the *Credo*. But that answer, though immediate in Faith, is mediate in reason; and those whom it most concerns try (when they try at all) every possible and impossible means of finding the truth, except straightforward reasoning.

That there is and must be a first cause, cannot be reasonably denied, because we cannot deny it without implicitly affirming thereby one of two evident impossibilities, viz., an infinite succession of causes and effects, or a time when absolute nothing inconceivably was. An infinite succession of causes and effects is evidently nonsense, for the self-evident reason that, since there can not be a succession from nothing, nor an effect without a cause, there must be some sort of First Cause, which First Cause must either be eternal—and then there would not be an infinite succession—or have a beginning from absolute nothing, and create itself before it was. This second member of the disjunctive is unthinkable, as any one can see who tries to think of it, and therefore, since there is no *tertium quid* between beginning and not beginning, we must conclude that the First Cause is eternal. Now, since, as we have seen, this eternal First Cause can neither be caused by another nor create itself, the only conclusion is that it must eternally have been, or rather eternally be.

This eternal and necessary First Cause cannot be finite: for the finite implies a limit, and a limit implies both a limiter and a something beyond that which is limited. But who is there to limit the eternal First Cause? and what limit can He possibly have?

This eternal, necessary, and infinite First Cause must also be intelligent, as causing intelligent beings, because the nature

of an effect evidently cannot exceed the nature of its cause: and it must be infinitely so, because that which *is* infinite must infinitely be what it is.

Here we may drop the "it," and say "He," because, that which is all that we have seen the First Cause to be is evidently He who is called God.

We have seen then that an intelligent First Cause eternally, necessarily, and infinitely *is*, as the INCOMMUNICABLE NAME implies; and so far we should be in accordance with the judgment of all reasonable people. One might as well say that the whole is not greater than its part, or suppose an effect without a cause, as deny that the existence of intelligent beings, caused, contingent, and finite, compels reason to acknowledge the existence of an intelligent First Cause, eternal, necessary, and infinite. But then—What is He to us? That is the practical question. If He has nothing to do with us, beyond causing us to be, it is not worth our while to think about Him. So far as we are concerned, He might as well not be, if that were possible. What then is He in relation to us? Does He merely cause us to be, and then leave us to our fate—leave us to live a little while, more or less in sorrow and suffering, and then perish? Or does He care for us, protect us, reward or punish us according to what we do now? and if He does so, what does He require us to do? How are we to know what He requires? Evidently we cannot know this, unless He has given some means of knowing it: but has He done so? Or, to begin with, is it likely or unlikely that He has?

We find in ourselves—all theories to the contrary notwithstanding—a free will, quite different from the mere instinct that makes a man avoid a blow or stop short at a precipice. If we had not free will, we should always act by chance; which is contrary to fact and incompatible with our intelligence. *A fortiori* then must God, being infinitely intelligent, have free will. Now all created, intelligent beings are good or bad by reason of the use which they make of their free will: and therefore God, having free will, must be either good or bad. We need not prove here that His Being and His essence or nature are and must be one, and therefore that since He is necessary, He necessarily is what He is. It will suffice for our purpose that, having a free will, He must be either good or bad, and being infinite, must be infinitely the one or the other.

But which is He? To answer that question, we have to inquire first what evil is.

If we examine our own experience we shall find that evil is privation of good, as darkness is privation of light. We indeed, predicate evil of men, of actions, &c., as we predicate darkness of a night, or of a room: but as the room is dark by reason of the light that is not there, so is the action evil by reason of the good that is not in it. Common parlance, which is always the expression of common sense and of experience, confirms this. People say, "There is very little good in that man," or "There is much less good in him than there was:" or, "He has terribly deteriorated:" or, "It had a very deteriorating influence on him," &c. The very word, "deteriorate" implies wearing away or using up: and when we hear of someone going to the bad, we have an impression of something that was in him, but now is not.¹ A total and permanent destruction of light would, as every educated person knows, be destructive of all animal and vegetable life: but a total and permanent privation of good implies a total destruction of the moral order. This in God, the First Cause, would imply eternal and necessary privation of good: and it remains for any one to say who can, how there could be any good in us, if He were eternally and necessarily bad. Moreover, we should have to explain, how a privation can be eternal, seeing that prior to the eternal there could not be anything to be deprived of. There cannot be anything prior to what is eternal. Therefore, if He was eternally deprived of good, He must have deprived Himself, before He was, and before eternity, which had no beginning.

We need not pause to consider the unthinkable idea of the infinitely bad, which God, being infinite, must be, if He were bad at all. It is sufficient for us to have seen that He cannot be at all bad, for we have to conclude therefrom, that being infinite, He is and must be infinitely good—or, to speak correctly—that He is Infinite Goodness. But this distinction is not necessary here. It is enough to have seen that His goodness—whether we say incorrectly that He has it, or correctly that He is it—is infinite, and therefore excludes the

¹ *Et hoc bonum*, says St. Thomas (*Summa*, P. i. q. 48, a. 4, c.) *est habitus subiecta ad actum*; and its diminution is not by subtraction, as in quantities. *Est accipienda e contrario intensionis ejus.*

possibility of evil, because it excludes the possibility of privation. How can infinite goodness be reconciled either with merely causing us to be, or with giving us no certain means of knowing what we are required by him to do? He might indeed have not caused the human race to be; for that which as yet is not, is nothing, and injustice to nothing is impossible.

But, having done so, to treat us as if we were irrational creatures, incapable of aspiring to, and ignorant of our own end, or to give us a future life of reward or punishment, without the means of knowing what we are required to do, would not be what any intelligent man would expect from Him whose infinite justice and mercy are really one with His Essence and His Being. Therefore we must infer that He does give us the means of knowing what He requires from us.

Here we are confronted by the patent fact of there being many religions, to say nothing about atheism, and all the shades of what is called free thought. People point this out triumphantly, as if it were conclusive against the existence of a true Church; yet, were it so, we should have to believe that, if there were many claimants to a property, there could not be a rightful owner of the same. They had better ask themselves first what they would reasonably expect to find in the one True Church, and secondly, whether such a Church exists in fact.

Our space is limited, and nearly used up: but three things occur at once as essential to the Church of God, viz., unity of doctrine, visible continuity, and a characteristic holiness distinctly its own. It is needless to prove here the doctrinal unity of the Catholic Church, because her enemies do that by twitting us with it as a proof of our not being large-minded. To find its continuity a glance will suffice. In the Book of Genesis, the oldest of historical records, we find a direct Theocracy, tempered by nothing except disobedience. In the Book of Exodus we find that God gave a Code of Laws, and spoke to Moses. In the other Books of the Old Testament we find the Prophets declaring the will of God, and the High Priests, who ruled the people of God up to the days when they asked for Kings, learning the Divine will by the means of the Urim and Thummin. Moreover, Josephus, writing for a Pagan Emperor of Rome, tells the same story. In the New Testament we find the continuity emphasized by the most stupendous increase of

God's loving protection ; the result of which has been that in every part of the world His Church is, and that at every moment of time the Holy Sacrifice is offered.

The adversaries of the Catholic Church bear witness to its characteristic holiness by depreciating it precisely as what it is, calling it mistaken zeal, and so on. Indeed the facts that verify it as what it is are unmistakeable, unless eminent virtues are to be called imperfections.

Thus from the necessity of a First Cause any reasonable man may find his way to the probability, at least, of one True Church, and onward to that Church which is, in fact, what he would reasonably expect the one True Church to be.

This, owing to want of space, can only be pointed out : but the facts that verify it, are open to any one who will examine them intelligently and without prejudice. There is no arguing with a man who maintains that unity of doctrine, visible continuity, and a characteristic holiness distinctly its own, are either not to be expected in the Church of God, or can be found outside the Catholic Church : but there are many earnest and intelligent people who fail to find their way into it because they bewilder themselves with questions that lead nowhere. If such could be persuaded to begin by asking themselves what they are looking for, and then try a straightforward process of reasoning, they would find the way cleared, and common sense would be free to act. Faith, as the penny Catechism tells us, and common sense would infer, is a gift of God : and the inquirer can seek the light, or turn aside from it, or shut his eyes, according to the use that he makes of his free will. But, before he comes to that, much depends (as far as human means go) on reasoning straightforwardly : and this, in most cases, is just what is not done.

To help any one out of such difficulties, if we can, is an evident work of charity ; and we have no right to shirk it under any plea whatsoever.

Many are the ways by which people are led up to the point where Reason resigns its supremacy to Will : and sometimes there is little or no reasoning. But in many cases the inquirer is consciously or unconsciously in search of a something that would help him to help himself. The question, "Given a First Cause—what then?" lies in a nutshell, unless we are to suppose, against reason and common sense, that the First Cause of intelligent Beings is unintelligent and, though necessarily Eternal,

being necessarily neither created nor in any way made to be, is nevertheless finite, and therefore (since there cannot be anything prior to Him, who never began to be) is a limitation of Himself. Common sense will not swallow that. So it comes to this briefly: We must affirm the existence of a First Cause; for otherwise we should have to suppose either an infinite succession of causes and effects, or a time when nothing was, and a First Something created by itself before it was. If the First Cause were not intelligent, we, who are caused, could not be intelligent (as in fact we are) because it is evidently impossible for the nature of any effect to exceed the nature of its cause. Therefore the First Cause must be intelligent. Where intelligence is, free will must be, in contradistinction to blind impulse: and therefore there must be free will in the intelligent First Cause, who therefore must be either good or bad, and being infinite, either infinitely good or infinitely bad. But evil is evidently privation of good, as darkness (which it morally is), is privation of light: and if we say that the First Cause is infinitely bad, we have to suppose either pre-eternal privation, which would be privation of nothing by nothing, or privation by Himself afterwards, which, by the fact of His being infinite while evil is destructive, would mean infinite destruction, which would involve the self-destruction of the First Cause Himself, and the consequent destruction of all besides Himself—the inconceivable advent of absolute and infinite nothing. His goodness therefore must be infinite, and His treatment of us in accordance with it somehow, while, on the other hand, we, who naturally long for permanent happiness, and aspire beyond the utmost that is possible here, have a short life, chequered at the best, often miserable, and generally disadvantageous to the good. The contradiction is evident, and we cannot avoid it without supposing 1^o a future life, according to our deeds here, and 2^o a visible Church, to teach us what we are required to do. Therefore we must conclude 1^o that a visible Church exists, and 2^o that it has a character of its own, by which it may be distinguished. The different religions prove nothing against this, any more than the existence of the New World was disproved by the contradictors of Columbus. Being unable to read the thoughts of a man, we cannot see how his will is set, nor whether and how far he is responsible by reason of Knowledge: neither can we know what opportunities are given, and when. But, as we have seen, we do know that God is Infinitely good: that what we have is

from Him, and that we have aspirations which cannot be satisfied without a visible Church.

Where then is it? It must be one, being True, because Truth is essentially exclusive. It must be holy, being the Church of God, whose goodness is infinite. It must be universal, not national; or it would not be one, since Truth is exclusive. It must have a visible Theocratic continuity; and any one who believes in the New Testament must, if he thinks, expect it to be the same as that which our Lord founded, when He said, "Thou art Peter; and upon this Rock I will build my Church," and promised that He would be with it "all days, even to the consummation of the world."

That these marks of the One True Church are to be found in the Catholic Church, and are conspicuously absent in the Churches and sects outside—that these are not true, not holy as such, not universal, not founded on the rock of Peter—any one can see who will fairly take the trouble of looking. It is almost needless to add that if they are not to be found in any one of these Churches or sects or religious bodies taken separately, they cannot be found in all of them put together, because addition of negatives cannot make an affirmative. But obvious things are often missed, when an implicit prejudice is hidden in a habit of mind acquired by early training; and therein lies the intellectual difficulty that bars Protestants from the approaches to the Catholic Church.

If a man puts controversial questions to us merely for the sake of talking and quibbling, or has evidently set his will on not being convinced, *quand même*, he is not worth the time spent in answering him: but if he is simply seeking the truth and missing his way, charity suggests that we should point out, as well as we can, where and how he has missed it. We who, either from infancy or by the mercy of God afterwards, have in us the light of Faith, and therefore need not for ourselves any proof of the Catholic Church being what it is, owe a great debt of charity to those who are seeking where they will not find. In these days, when all belief, outside the Catholic Church, is shaken to its foundations, and many people are therefore impeded at the outset of religious inquiry by the haziness of their belief in God, the argument imperfectly put in these few pages might perhaps be of use to some one. The practical difficulty lies where the conclusion is in itself most obvious, because there it is that the weight of implicit prejudice bears down against evi-

dence and reason. The way from *a* Church of God to the Catholic Church is, in itself, easier than the way from *a* First Cause to a Church of God ; because, while the latter requires close thinking, there is nothing, outside the Catholic Church, that has any resemblance to what the Church of God evidently must be. But then——?

This is precisely where various influences come in, of which the influenced are often not clearly conscious, and where caution, disguised as prudence, rules that "this would be going too far."

E. H. DERING.

Father Gautrelet, S.J.¹

THERE is no better proof of the love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for any of His servants on earth than the inheritance of a large share of the persecutions, outrages, and ill-usage that He Himself endured. What is true of individuals is true of corporate bodies devoted to His service, and it has been ever the privilege and the glory of the various religious Orders thus to tread closely on the footsteps of their Master. None have had a larger share of this privilege than the Society of Jesus. At the present time some of the most important Provinces of the Order have their members scattered over the face of the earth, or if they still remain in their native land, they have to live concealed from the public gaze in little knots of two or three, sometimes in secular dress and under assumed names. During the last thirty years persecution and exile has been the lot of the Fathers of Spain, France, Switzerland, Italy, and Germany. Some have had the glory of a martyrdom of blood, and many have had to endure the continual martyrdom of a life of hardship and suffering, inflicted upon them by their ungrateful country.

But perhaps we ought not to call Catholic France or Spain or Italy ungrateful. It is the Government, not the people, which has been responsible for the deeds of violence and wrong. It has been above all in France the tyranny of those in power which has run counter to the good feeling of the nation and robbed their country of the aid of those who were doing a most magnificent work of Christian education in France.

Among those who have lived through these troublous times and have only of recent years gone to their reward is a French Jesuit whose signal holiness and virtue were remarkable even amid the many holy and virtuous men who were his fellows; one who left behind him a perfume of sanctity in every house

¹ *Vie du Père François-Xavier Gautrelet de la Compagnie de Jésus.* 1807—1886. Par Le P. Joseph Burnichon de la même Compagnie. Paris: Retaux Bray.

where he had lived, and was the most highly esteemed by those who held continual and familiar intercourse with him.

François-Xavier Gautrelet was born at Sampigny (Saône-et-Loire) on February 15, 1807. His baptismal names were François-Lazare, but on his entrance into the Society of Jesus, he exchanged the last for that of Xavier. His father, who was mayor of Sampigny for some years, had a brother and an uncle in the priesthood, both of them having the honour to be confessors of the faith during the Revolution. Father Gautrelet was the sixth child of a family of twelve children; two of them died in their infancy, and seven became religious.

Though from his silence concerning his country and family, nothing was learnt from himself about his childhood, from others we hear of the pious child, grave with a gravity beyond his years, who among his own people—often the severest critics—was looked upon as an angel. Throughout his life, the strong friendship that had begun in early youth between himself and one of his elder sisters continued; she being a religious at Auxonne. It is in one of his letters to this sister that we find Father Gautrelet writing from the seminary and speaking of his love of solitude, thereby showing one of the best dispositions for that grace of the religious vocation which time proved that he possessed.

In this same letter, he asks his sister to send him the *Life of St. Ignatius*, and we cannot fail to see that the reading of this book, which was soon followed by a visit from a Jesuit Father, influenced him considerably; and in a retreat which he then made at Avignon he saw clearly what the will of God was for him. In 1829, at the age of twenty-two, he was admitted to the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, facing the fact as he did so, that though at all times a member of that body must be prepared for the dishonour of the world and its persecution, it was more than probable that he would have a large share. The anti-religious spirit of the time favoured such a probability, and it was one that was realized in fact, for once during his sixty years of life as a Jesuit was Father Gautrelet exiled from France, and twice turned from his house. The novitiate was then under the direction of Father François Renault, the future Provincial of Lyons; and it was a time spent by Father Gautrelet in zealous work in that most difficult sphere of labour, self-knowledge and self-discipline. His piety was so deep, permeating his whole nature, that indeed it left little wrong for

his Superiors to correct, or for his companions to notice. The only fault these latter could discover, was that he was stern, but it was an austerity that he exercised on himself. We find him during an extremely cold winter doing the manual work of the novitiate, without allowing anything to be done for his hands which were cracked, sore, and terribly inflamed.

In 1830, when, in the clamour of the Revolution, was heard the cry, *A bas les Jésuites*, the Novitiate at Avignon could not reasonably expect to be left long in peace, and Father Renault told his novices that all who wished to return to their families were free to do so. But the soldier spirit of St. Ignatius had already fired them with ambition to be his sons, and the answers of these young men, given secretly and in writing, are preserved among the chronicles of the house at Avignon. It is much to be regretted that the signatures were replaced simply by their several numbers, and though we in consequence cannot give that of Brother Xavier, the one we quote will show us what they were like, for not one novice availed himself of the offered freedom.

"Dead or living, I belong to the Society of Jesus, and I firmly believe through the mercy of God that neither exile or sword will ever separate me from it. Far from being shaken, my resolution is firmer than ever. At the word of my Superiors, there is not a spot on earth where I would not go with all my heart, if there I should find my beloved Society of Jesus."

When, later on, the Avignon novices were dispersed, some to Spain and others to Italy, Brother Xavier was among the latter. They went to the house at Chieri, which was a small Piedmontese village, the master of the novices there being Father Bellotti, and in 1831, Brother Xavier went to Fribourg, to follow a course of mathematics and natural science. The next year he went to Brigg, in Switzerland, to study theology, and among the masters there was the holy religious who became so celebrated, Father de Ravignan.

The life there of study, mortification, prayer, and work was after the young religious' own heart, and we find him writing to his sister that he was *entièrement heureux*. The four years of

¹ "Mort ou vivant, je suis de la Compagnie de Jésus ; ni l'exil, ni le sabre ne m'en sépareront jamais, je l'espère avec une ferme assurance de la miséricorde de Dieu. Bien loin d'être ébranlé, je sens ma résolution plus affermie que jamais. Que mes supérieurs disent un mot, et il n'est pas au monde un coin de terre où je ne sois prêt à aller de grand cœur, pourvu que j'y trouve ma bien-aimée Compagnie de Jésus."

study were well employed, and the general opinion was, that Brother Xavier had sound judgment as well as deep theological learning, and a clear spiritual insight.

The political horizon having brightened, the exiles at Brigg were enabled in 1833 to return to France, and reunited at Vals, near Le Puy, at a house which has always played an important part in the history of the Jesuits. It was here that Father Gautrelet remained longer than in any other place, and it was at the Cathedral of Notre-Dame du Puy that he was ordained. In the lives of all of God's saints, amongst whom Father Gautrelet has indeed a place, we find that each had usually some strong attraction to a particular devotion. With Father Gautrelet it was the Blessed Sacrament. It was the centre of his life, his strength in work, and his comfort in care. It was to the foot of the altar that he came to recruit his forces when exhausted by his labours. His devotion when saying Mass, impressed and touched those who assisted at it. His recollect-edness caused his pale thin face to seem transfigured with heavenly light. Speaking of him, an old Father of the Society said he had seen him but once, and that was forty-six years ago, when Father Gautrelet was at the altar and he was serving, but he could never forget it, for the Father was like an angel.

When Father Gautrelet left Vals, he was appointed professor of philosophy at the College of Mélan, and from there he went to make his "third year"—which according to the rules of the Society, is spent exclusively in spiritual exercises. That year precedes the taking of the final vows. On his return to Vals, he was chosen as spiritual director to the students there. Usually old and experienced religious are selected for this most important and difficult work, and his appointment to it at the age of thirty-five, proves the opinion held of his excellence and mature mind. The wisdom of the choice was soon apparent, for he had the rare gift of winning confidence, and possessing in all respects qualifications for the *Ars artium regimen animarum*, as St. Gregory says of the direction of souls.

The Revolution then spreading through Europe was expelling religious from their different countries, and the students at Vals, who numbered in some years two hundred and ten, were of many different nationalities: English, German, Italian, Spanish, and Irish, the French often being in the minority.

Ever at the service of those who needed him, though interrupted in his writing perhaps twenty times in a morning, Father

Gautrelet listened with serene patience to the confidence he himself inspired. He gave whoever sought him the impression that he had nothing else to do but to listen to him. The slightest sign of impatience or *ennui* never escaped him, and this we perceive was the work of grace, not of nature, for in a letter to his favourite sister, he accuses himself of being more impatient than she was, for she had complained to him of this fault in herself.

In direction, in the confessional, in exhortations and spiritual conferences, Father Gautrelet found much to do, and all this was done with very delicate health. To him came the inspiration to found the *Apostleship of Prayer*, which he did on December 3, 1844, the feast of St. Francis Xavier. In addressing the community at Vals, he gave them his idea for the work now so well known, and so widely spread. Later on, Father Henri Ramière worked hard in the interests of the Apostleship, and added to its title by the addition of *League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, its special mission being to defend It and promote Its interests, and he also founded the *Messenger du Sacré Cœur de Jésus*. At the present time this *Messenger* has thirty editions, is translated into fourteen languages, and the Associates of the Apostleship number hundreds of thousands. During the terrible days of 1848, when the Jesuits were expelled from Lyons and Avignon, Vals was left unmolested, and it became a refuge for the young students who were exiled from their own countries, and the Rev. Father Roothaan, General of the Society, who had, like the Holy Father, been banished from Rome, also lived here for some time.

In 1852, Father Gautrelet was appointed Rector of Vals, and from that time a great change was noticed in him, the most perfect affability of manner and a very sweet smile reigned, where before there had been slight sternness and a rather severe expression of countenance. All through his life, the necessary separation from his family was not to him a matter of indifference. It was an occasion of sacrifice, one which, had he lost all natural affection, would have ceased to exist. He writes to his sister, also a religious, on the death of their mother, whom he had had the happiness to see and minister to, three months before; and he writes naturally of the *vide si grand* in their lives. After having been Rector at Vals for three years he was appointed *Instructeur des Pères du troisième an*, at Fourvière, an office necessitating rare qualities and one

which the greatest masters of the spiritual life produced by the Society of Jesus, have held. Among them we may name FF. A. Rodriguez, Louis Lallemant, Louis du Pont, Saint Jure, &c. He was there not quite two years, and during that time did much besides his usual work, to promote the devotion to the Sacred Heart. He left to be made Provincial at Lyons, an important post that was to his extreme humility rather an occasion of suffering than a temptation to glory. "God," he then wrote, "loves to use the vilest instruments for his work. That reassures me." With his increased occupation came also a greater sinking of himself in that interior life of constant union with God, so that one remarked after an interview with him, "That holy man draws from God every word that passes his lips." The greater his need of strength and wisdom, the more his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was deepened, and however busy he might be he was to be found before the altar, saying truly that it "saved time."

One of his duties was the annual visit to be paid to all the houses of the Province in his charge, and these were scattered from the extremity of Franche-Comté and Burgundy, to the borders of the Mediterranean, and with his delicate health and sedentary habits these journeys were very tiring to him. He never, however, relaxed his practices of austerity, rising at four in the morning, never permitting more than the ordinary community food to be served to him, and he so mortified all curiosity that in his many travels he never went to see any sights. God alone was his absorbing interest, and his life was literally "one to One."

Once at Nice, the Casino was pointed out to him. "The Casino," said he, without raising his eyes. "Ah! God must indeed be offended there."

During the Italian Revolution, when Garibaldi was in full force, the Jesuits shared the fate of many religious in Italy, and were expelled from that country, many going to France, and particularly to the Province of Lyons.

In 1861, Father Gautrelet wrote thus to his sister: "I must tell you that I am no longer Provincial. *Deo Gratias!* What shall I become! I have no idea. It will be what God wills, and that will be good and right." In the same year he left for Africa, and arrived at Algiers, being then the Superior-General of the Jesuits in that colony. From there his work necessitated many journeys, often long and tedious. But among them was a

pilgrimage to the Holy Land, which was one of the greatest events in his life, and during his stay in the East he gained so great a knowledge of the Syrian mission that he was shortly afterwards made Superior of it. He, having the education of the young very much at heart, was the means of the Sisters of Nazareth being established at Beyrout; and their work has been greatly blessed. Space forbids our enumerating all the works which Father Gautrelet was engaged in in the East, but they were many and various, and they did not prevent his applying himself with diligence to the study of Arabic. For a year he took a lesson every day, saying his verbs to his young master and trying to read a little of the Arabic New Testament, but the written and spoken language being so different, he made but little progress, and he writes of his failure as "part of his cross."

His fidelity to his vow of poverty was shown even in such small matters as, in travelling, never taking with him any picture or help to devotion of that kind, and though he was nearly sixty when he arrived in Syria, and at no time possessed of strong health, he never took the *siesta* which Oriental life usually takes as a matter of course. The time generally spent by others in that way was used by Father Gautrelet to say his Office, or by walking in the shade not to allow sleep to conquer him. Feeling himself unequal to the work in the East, he wrote to the Father General of the Society, and the result was that he returned to France in 1869, and for a short time he had some rest, not being in charge of any house. He was at Fourvière during the war of 1870, when the young religious there had to disperse, some to various houses in France, and others abroad. Father Gautrelet remained with a few other Fathers in charge of the house which, from November to March, served as a kind of encampment for troops as they journeyed through. Twice these soldiers attempted to set fire to the house, and they seemed to take pleasure in showing disrespect to any of the sacred places, and more particularly to those connected with our Lady. In the archives of the house it is recorded that the outrages and sacrilege committed by these soldiers during their short stay there are incredible.

In 1871, Father Gautrelet was appointed Superior at Lyons, and he found the house had been turned into a barrack. The large refectory had served as a low *restaurant*. When Father Gautrelet saw the state in which it all was, he was moved to

tears ; it seemed as if a storm of profanity and irreverence had swept over it, leaving terrible traces of insults, dirt, and horrible drawings and writings on the walls. The soldiers had destroyed everything they could ; here and there flags having been taken up, doubtless in the hope of finding *cachettes* containing the hidden treasures of the Jesuits. It took months of labour before the place was repaired and cleaned.

The great treasure of the house, the library, numbering nearly sixty thousand volumes, had not been spared, many of the books had disappeared, and others been damaged. A splendid collection of coins had been plundered and never were traced.

On October 1, 1879, Father Gautrelet celebrated, at Fourvière, his fiftieth year of religious life. More than eighty Fathers from Lyons and other Provinces assembled, and Father Gautrelet, who was deeply touched, was almost equally embarrassed at receiving so many proofs from young and old alike, of the veneration and admiration felt for him.

The scene must have been very impressive. Compliments were paid to him in verse, in prose, and in music ; and after the Provincial of Lyons had spoken some simple but heartfelt words, he knelt and asked for his blessing. At that moment the whole assembly fell on their knees, and Father Gautrelet in a voice tremulous with emotion blessed them all. He then spoke to them, taking the eighth verse of the third chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans as his text.

We find Father Gautrelet saying the same truth expressed by all saints, that there is no way to close union with God, save by the royal way of the cross ; he writes thus to a lady :

"At the end of our life, the Divine Model gives Himself to us to perfect us in His life ; but it is in His Passion, His humiliations, His sacrifice, His sufferings."

That winter being a severe one, Father Gautrelet had such an alarming attack of bronchitis that the Provincial gave as an order the doctor's advice, which was that Father Gautrelet should go to a warmer climate, and though the latter thought this attention to his health unnecessary he obeyed with the simplicity of a child, and settled down at Cannes, occupying himself at once with writing. His quiet time there seemed as a kind of preparation for what was so near, namely, the expulsion of the Jesuits from France, three months being given them in which to quit.

On the 30th of June the house at Fourvière was forced open, searched by the authorities, and the inhabitants simply turned out. As the Fathers and Brothers left the house, the cries of the people were *Vivent les Pères ! Vivent les religieux !* Thousands were assembled to watch the exodus, and many crowded round the Fathers, kissing their hands, and kneeling for their blessing. Strong men, masons, and plasterers in their working clothes pressed their hands, their eyes being full of tears, and it was with difficulty that they made their way through the throng. Father Gautrelet remained in the house with the executors of the law. He had to witness the chapel door being closed and sealed, and later on he had to appear with several other Fathers before the civil court.

The shock to many of their expulsion, in such troublous times, was very great, and the mortality among religious in the Province of Lyons during that year was double the usual rate.

Father Gautrelet left Fourvière for the last time, and returned to Cannes, as he had a severe cough which obstinately refused to leave him. The last six years of his life were spent there, and he only left it twice, once for the College at Marseilles for a few months, and another time to go to Rome. At Cannes there were but three Fathers, and they even were not left in peace, and were obliged to disperse, so that Father Gautrelet had to take refuge at the house of the Dames de l'Assomption.

Humility seems to have been the most striking virtue in this holy religious, and among those who lived most with him, none remember hearing him speak of himself or his labours in any way, and in his literary work he showed the same spirit. Charity usually is the outcome of humility, and he was often spoken of as *le bon Père Gautrelet* ; good to all, but more particularly to his inferiors, and ever careful, if he thought he had hurt the feelings of any one, to repair the slight injury by proving in little ways how sorry he was.

He had deep sympathy with suffering, and, moreover, the power of expressing it, and we cannot but think that, despite his habitual gravity and love of austerity, he had a little touch of humour in his composition. One of his spiritual children, Mdle. X——, told him on her return from an interview at Rome with the Holy Father, that her emotion had prevented her from speaking.

"The Holy Father," replied Father Gautrelet, "works miracles, but just the reverse of those in the Gospel: our Lord

made the dumb to speak, but the Pope has made a great talker dumb."

A well-known director, he was much sought after as a guide of souls, and as we have already seen, his patience, even under unreasonable claims upon his time, was remarkable.

"You are doing me a service," he once said to some one who was apologizing for having asked for him in the confessional, "for you are giving me an opportunity of using the power God has bestowed upon me." Not only in confession, but at other times, many people were in the habit of seeking his advice on difficult matters.

"I can see him now," writes the father of a family, a clever man who often had recourse to his counsel; "I see him seated at his table, with his grave, recollected air, listening to me with his eyes fixed on the crucifix, as if asking it how to answer me."

Many people who had benefited by his direction, were not willing to lose it too readily, and, asking from a distance his advice and help, added a heavy correspondence to Father Gautrelet's many duties.

Part of one of his letters we must quote here, as it shows how thorough was his insight into spiritual disease, and how clearly he pointed out the remedy.

"You are the same as ever, busy at tormenting yourself, fearing that you do not fear, troubling yourself that you are not troubled, fretting that you are not disturbed. . . . One need not dig very deep to find at the bottom of all this *une véritable misère*, self-love so subtle and secret that it would move Heaven and earth to be satisfied. Yes, self-love is there at the bottom. You are anxious to be *rich* in virtues, in merits, in sacrifices, in good works, to be beautiful in holiness, in love of God, in generosity, and you never come to the end of your desires. Hence this disappointment and natural despair. Believe me, consent to be poor, consent to be ugly, consent to be nothing. Let it be enough for you that Jesus is rich, beautiful, and loving—let Him be everything, then you will be calm. Your peace having for its foundation humility, self-annihilation, and a pure and perfect love of God, will become immovable. Employ yourself less with yourself, and more with our Lord; forget yourself to think of Him, and all will be well."

The motto of Father Olivaint was: *Courage et confiance*. That of Father Gautrelet was; *Patience et confiance!*

At the age of eighty, Father Gautrelet, though weak in

body, had full possession of his mental powers, and as his life declined, the beautiful virtues that adorned it seemed only to increase in perfection. The only time that his Superior ever heard a word of complaint was in the winter of 1885, when he said he could work no more. There was no disease, but age seemed to have chilled his blood, and it did not circulate well.

On the morning of his last day on earth, rising at the usual hour, he went down to the sacristy just before six o'clock to prepare for Mass, but when the chaplain of the community—he was at the Clermont Novitiate—begged him to give up the idea, he admitted that he doubted being able to go through the whole of the Mass. He wished, however, to communicate, and Father R—— supported him to the foot of the altar. Here it was that he received his Viaticum, and he returned with difficulty to his room. "I am so weak," he said, "I cannot say my Office," and he was only quieted on that point by the doctor forbidding him to think of it.

At a quarter to twelve he asked for holy water, made the sign of the Cross, and began as usual, in obedience to rule, his examen of conscience, and at noon, he said the *Angelus*.

Later in the day he received Extreme Unction. For this the little community assembled, and Father Gautrelet gave them his blessing. These were the last words heard from his lips. From that moment life gradually ebbed away. Before him was a picture of the Sacred Heart and a crucifix. On these his eyes rested as long as he could open them, and from time to time he made the sign of the Cross. His habitual calm and peace remained the same to the end, which came very gently, and with bowed head he rendered up his soul to the God he had served and loved so long and so faithfully, on the evening of the feast of the Precious Blood.

Among those who followed him to his grave, some prayed for the repose of his soul, but many, we know, invoked him as one of the blessed. We do not wish to anticipate the time when more will doubtless be known of the supernatural powers of this saint of God, but we cannot omit naming the fact of extraordinary favours having been granted by his intercession. A child who came to see him after his death was asked if he was not afraid of being so close to a corpse. His answer was: *Mais ce n'est pas un mort, c'est un saint.*

Olympias.

CHAPTER X.

A DEBATE ON AN INTERESTING SUBJECT.

OLYMPIAS is standing in the centre of the spacious hall, leaning in an attitude of expectancy against a pillar. She is clothed in a robe of purple heavily fringed with silver; jewels on her arms, jewels in her rich tresses.

The hall is thronged, and sweet strains of music charm the ear, aromatic odours scent the air, while the classic statuary, and pictures by the best painters of Greece, give pleasure to the cultured eye, and appeal to the taste of the most fastidious Athenian there.

Yet, the echo of silvery laughter falls unheeded on the ears of the mistress of all this refined and costly luxury. No charm of music, no subtle praise smooths away her frown or wins a smile from those sad lips.

Her eyes move restlessly over artistic groups and valued frescoes, they shine not with pride at the pomp, the rank, the beauty here displayed, they betray no exultant ambition at the power which can so bring together poets, philosophers, statesmen, and win from each some acknowledgment that they hail her as their queen.

No, she neither feels nor cares for power to-night. She wants more, something more, to make happiness complete. Her eyes seek and her heart yearns for the sight of a bright youth, for a figure instinct with elasticity and grace, for a fair countenance that expresses with delicate mobility every variety of mood, as the summer-leaf is stirred by gentlest zephyr's breath.

He was absent, and she knew not why, but she felt bitterly that she who could hold kings and princes in thrall, was powerless to keep this pretty butterfly at her side, and the

knowledge hurt her sore. Pride and love surged in turns through her tempestuous soul. Of so many who owned her sway was he alone to treat her as a mere toy? What recked she now, of her talents, her fame, her beauty, or her intellect, if they did not bring to her feet this man, for whom she had drunk that draught, which once tasted ever leaves the heart thirsting for more of it?

Dimly, and as if but an indifferent spectator, she heard Chrysophon say: "He who has never succumbed to the influence of love is neither peerless nor divine. He is but ice-cold marble and can never inspire to noble deeds or warm to heroic acts of virtue."

"An elegant speech," remarked the sophist Claudio, "but we have arrived, my dear Chrysophon, at such a profound pitch of culture, that we know, and quail not at the knowledge, that affection is but a mood in the tenour of one's life. The progress of man's heart, and woman's too, is from love to indifference. To-day passion, to-morrow forgetfulness; to-day desire, to-morrow disgust."

He waved his hand with a half-contemptuous movement which exasperated his opponent.

"Your philosophy is a cold and callous one, if it banishes the constancy of a feeling which has caused the finest inspiration in poet and painter, and has been the primary motive of the most exalted deeds of daring. It should be fostered if only for the general welfare. Look round at these superb statues, these grand paintings, these architectural ornaments. Search for the motive which has fired the artist to finely conceive and nobly execute the work of his hands. In nine cases out of ten the answer is love, from the artist who slaves to win a smile from the loved one insuperably above him, to the humble decorator who whistles as he works, thinking of his round-cheeked Hebe who will ignorantly applaud the result of his labours."

"Yes, fancy and fable is a lover's world," replied Claudio. "He drinks from limpid fountains and feasts on ambrosial nectar. He sees gold in tinsel, crystal in each flake of snow. But how long will this last? Man is essentially realistic. The fire soon dies, and he looks with contempt on the time when he so weakly imagined that love meant continual bliss, or his own individual comfort."

"And you believe," cried the pale-faced poet Sophocles, springing to his feet and speaking as if he could contain himself

no longer, "that there does not exist that intangible something which we gross mortals call mutual sympathy, which is a spiritual blending of souls destined for each other? Are there not lives woven inextricably together with a golden tissue of mutual love and help? Does not that opal-tinted mist of a never-dimming love encircle some people even to the portals of Elysium and give them a foretaste of that which lies beyond?"

This sudden outburst from the shy retiring man took all by surprise, and silence followed his fervid speech. The stamp of death was upon his countenance now lighted with a hectic tinge. All were touched. Even Claudio forgot to scoff at the utterance of this impassioned appeal from one speaking from the brink of the grave.

Claudio was the first to speak.

"I did not mean to deny the susceptibility of some few people to this feeling, but such cases are rare and fast dying out. At the present day all love is risk, chance determines everything. We do not search the world to find that twin soul of which Sophocles speaks so eloquently. Those natures to whom love is a necessity, find an object in the material nearest to hand. Say, you are desperately in love with Iolanthe. It may be so, but I contest, if she had been absent and your mind in the same condition, Artemis or Irene would have done just as well."

Chrysophon shrugged his shoulders.

"Let us hear what our fair sovereign has to say," he suggested. "I agree with Sophocles barring certain limitations. We will acknowledge ourselves beaten if Olympias takes your part."

"I accept the challenge," answered Claudio, with a satisfied smile, remembering how many times she had scorned a soul owning any bond but wisdom. "Our queen of reason shall decide between us."

Olympias raised her eyes, and with an effort rallied her absent thoughts.

"The question as I understand it is this," she began slowly; "Claudio denies the necessity of love, and thinks that science clearly demonstrates it should not be allowed to preponderate in a well-balanced mind, and if it does so, the man is weak-headed, and the woman emotional who permits such a feeling to overpower all else. Is that so? Chrysophon would encourage it as the inspirer of noble works, noble aims, noble deeds. Sophocles maintains that love exists now as strong, as perfect,

as all-enduring as in the days when Eros roamed unchecked among our ancestors, and Venus and Psyche were worshipped by all. I say not that this is a picture one often sees, or that life would be happier if it were so. But I say, love does still exist, not the pale mockery of it at which Claudio scoffs, nor the mere emotional sentiment on which Chrysophon lays so much stress; but there exists a love which has, unknown to itself, pent up all its depth and vastness, to bestow in a moment what it has denied for years. Such love once felt is a thing which never dies, nor will it ever do the loved-one harm. It is like a bud sheltering beneath leaves, safe from cold nights and hot days. It is a love which bids calm defiance to the vapour-laden wings of adversity. It is a love which ennobles life, and stimulates to virtue; a love which makes the proud man bend in awe, and a scoffer cease his jeer."

The rich vibrating tones ceased, but not before they had set throbbing the heart of the poet.

She had taken his part, she had owned the supremacy of love.

"Who can understand love?" pursued Chrysophon, who was much too effeminate to have felt a grand passion, but who dabbled daintily in everything for the novelty of sensation. "We see a man waste his whole life in longing for a shadow, while another takes with ease what he hardly cares to keep."

"But," pleaded the poet, turning to Olympias, "do you not think constancy must be rewarded at last?"

"No," she replied gently, with a far-away look in her eyes. "Love cannot be forced, it must be spontaneous or it is not divine."

"Is the whole of man's life to be wasted?" he asked, with the feverish hue dyeing his face.

"Not wasted," she said more gently again, "*true* love raises a man, and will not let him weakly grieve. He will rise above his pain, he will be grand, great, crush nature, and let calm reason resume her sway; ambition alone will fire his soul, and he will do that which he could not have done if love had not once blossomed in his soul. Love rejected becomes a foe, and a true man will not succumb to an enemy which, if allowed, will, like the trailing woodbine, creep over the garden of his heart, and in its sweet but deadly embrace, draw the healthy vigour from the mind, the sap of life from the heart."

He said no more. He knew he was rejected, that those

words were spoken to him alone, that those eloquent eyes looked straight into his heart, and mutely answered the unspoken wish.

With a sigh the poet knew his dream of bliss was vain. Like a stately marble pillar on a plain which, when there seemed an ornament alone, but when gone, is found to have served as a landmark to the weary and to the wanderer, so was there a blank in his future which made him tremble at the idea of traversing the shadowy distance alone and unconsolated.

CHAPTER XI.

TEMPTED.

OLYMPIAS did not wait to mark the effect of her words. She took no heed of the surprise evinced by the sceptic Claudio, who saw this woman philosopher in one speech sweep away the science, creed, and logic she had so ably sustained until now. Proudly disdainful of what others might think, she moved away from their very midst, away from the brilliancy and gaiety which to-night oppressed her as it had never oppressed her before; from the false glitter, from the hollow frivolity, away to the sweet night, to where could be seen the fleecy clouds that gracefully traversed from time to time the bright cold disc of the moon. She threw herself down on the sward by the silver trickling fountain, and with white hands clasped in silent anguish gave vent to the storm which rocked her wildly passionate nature. Once or twice she moved rebelliously in her pain.

"Only that," she moaned despairingly, "and it is not mine to grasp."

Since early childhood, the life of those around had been one long homage and subservience to her masterful will. Time had passed swiftly and lightly over her head, as she calmly criticized, coldly speculated, secure of her proud position, secure in the absence of all passion from her heart.

But now the iceberg had broken, and the strong torrent of love swept over her troubled soul. There was something almost humbling in the very frankness with which she had deigned to woo him, and the result had been gall and wormwood to her unchastened spirit.

Did he not leave her for hours at a time? Was he not often abstracted, often contemplative and sad? And when she stooped to court him, to allure, did not a vague shadowy terror creep into the once laughter-loving eyes as of one who appealed to her pity to leave him untempted and untried?

She knew it, and the knowledge made her weep wildly and passionately, as one can weep only once in a lifetime. Angry gusts of love, and passion, and despair succeeded one another, and filled her storm-tossed heart.

Still she remained, taking no note of the light-winged breezes, taking no heed of the thrilling strains of the nightingale, hearing not the playful ripple of the cascade as it danced merrily into its marble basin.

There she lay, all beauty and wealth forgotten, crouching on the ground, fighting with her pain, moaning out her grief like any love-lorn maiden.

Was this the end of the reign of reason and philosophy? Had science no cure for a disease as deadly as this?

A figure moved among the shrubs with buoyant tread, and the face bore the stamp of having lately held converse with one whose very presence imparted purity and peace. He paused, and threw back his head with a boyish gesture of delight, as if to drink in more freely the glory of an Eastern night, to enjoy the freshness of the pine-scented breeze, to listen to the ravishing notes of Philomela.

Nature reigned supreme at that moment, and her favourite son understood her every breath. He was filled with a subtle joy which few can know, and none can put into words. He drew from his tunic an alabaster cross, and kissed it reverently, while a smile of sweetness rippled over his fair young face.

He resumes his walk when something makes him pause. What is that sound borne to him on the fresh night-wind? A woman's sobs! He listens, and again the plaintive cry that he cannot hear unmoved.

He parts the trailing branches, and sees a woman prostrate on the grass, her white arms flung wildly above her head, and her whole appearance as of one almost beside herself. He hastens and bends over her in utter astonishment.

"Olympias," he whispers, "Olympias, my queen."

She turns her face away, and he sees tears trickling through the hands now moved to hide them.

"Olympias," he says again—and who could resist that softly-thrilling voice—"you will not turn away from *me*."

Almost as if impelled against her will, she rose, and, throwing back the heavy tresses, gazed at him with her large eyes in which the tears still glistened.

"You are in trouble, my cousin," he went on as they stood together beside the fountain, and his tones were softly persuasive. "You are in trouble, let me share it with thee."

"You do not know what you ask," she replied half mournfully, half-bitterly. "Go your way, Theodore, your path is one of flowers."

"Can I be happy when I see you grieve?" he asked reproachfully. "Is your trouble one that my sympathy cannot soothe, that my affection cannot take away?"

"After all, sorrow is folly," she said. "We waste tears on what is too soon but a memory of the past. Doubtless ere long the remembrance of these childish tears will cause only a blush of shame. They but weaken a woman's heart."

She spoke proudly, but her voice faltered. Never had she looked so womanly or so fair as now, standing in the moonlight, her head bent low, her face stained with tears, and her bosom heaving with sobs.

"You turn from me in pride," said Theodore sadly, "and will not trust me in your need. Perhaps it softens the pain of my departure, but I regret that when I go Olympias looks coldly on me."

"Going!" she exclaimed. "Going—not going, Theodore?"

"Yes, my father bids me proceed at once to the Court. Already I have tarried too long."

There was silence for one brief moment, the air seemed hushed in portentous stillness; then came a cry from the depth of a woman's heart.

"Theodore, do not go, I want you."

Theodore quivered in every fibre of his being.

"Do you bid me stay?" he asked, and silently she bowed her head.

At that moment something stirred in the bushes, stirred, and then was still. Theodore turned pale, and he moved a pace or two aside. Olympias gazed undauntedly around, but could not trace the cause, and the noise was not repeated. Without a word, by mutual consent, they turned and walked towards the house. As they ascended the marble steps Olympias put

her hand into his, and said with a shy humility which but enhanced her charms :

"Theodore, if you go, we all go to Byzantium. I am but a woman after all." And without waiting for an answer she left him.

CHAPTER XII.

AT COURT.

A FEW days later and a splendid cavalcade started from the house of the luxurious Phidias. In orderly array stood the sumpter mules, while slaves in picturesque head-dress moved in and out loading them and fastening their straps.

The sun was rapidly sinking, and shone but palely on the courtyard so full of life and bustle.

Olympias was there, seated on a high-bred Arab surrounded by a small body-guard ; for in those days it was not safe to travel any distance without a suitable escort. On her face was the flush of triumph, and her lips curved in exultant satisfaction. Her every feature seemed instinct with that under-current of joy which welled through all her veins and danced in her eyes.

Theodore stood beside her, the waning rays playing on his hair and lighting up each motion of the red flexible lips. The order was given to start, and he turned to mount his horse. As he did so, he recognized among the on-lookers the swarthy face of Sebas glaring grimly at Olympias.

Like a black shadow thrown upon his path was the presence of this man to Theodore. The wound in his wrist throbbed and stung with painful intensity, and yielding to the momentary impulse he dropped behind and motioned him to approach.

He drew a ring off his finger and commissioned Sebas to bear it to Zoe with many tender messages.

The eyes of the listener flashed as he heard all in silence. Once he opened his mouth as if about to speak, then turned away abruptly with scorn and contempt. He had spoiled Theodore's pleasure for that day. Neither the most dazzling smile from Olympias, nor her most witty repartee could drive the gloom from his brow or a dull foreboding from his mind.

A different life now began for Theodore, a life of pomp and luxury, of Oriental splendour and barbaric lavishness.

The Court was brilliant with the varied costumes of a hundred nations, for it suited the policy of Alexius to invite all and disdain none. The Western barbarian chief might be seen there, side by side with an Eastern despot. Here might be heard the liquid Italian, the melodious Spanish, the rough tones of the Gael, the soft voice of the Greek. Crusader's helmet and Turkish fez might be seen side by side, and though their wearers glared fiercely at each other, their leaders had sworn to keep the peace; and neither the careless Cœur de Lion nor the idolized King of the Franks were masters whose orders could be tampered with.

Theodore saw but little of Olympias. She moved the centre of a brilliant throng courted by king and lord. But he knew he was not forgotten. At times she would flash a bright smile at him which for one moment would illumine the pale cold face, for here she armed herself with an impenetrable shield of pride, and sought no companionship but that of the Princess Anna.

This erudite lady and Olympias were seated one day in a private apartment belonging to the Princess with only a few privileged attendants to bear them company.

The Princess had an intellectual head, but thin, mean lips. Her eyes were dark, and could glow with the concentration of a fixed purpose, but they never flashed or shone, or melted with heroic emotion or tender sentiment.

There was a ponderous weight about her colourless face that detracted from its intellectual advantages. To an acute observer her countenance presented a mixture of talent obscured by avarice, genius clouded with petty ambition and vanity.

She was, in fact, oppressed by her own greatness, which was, in her opinion, never acknowledged at its true worth.

"You know, Olympias," she said, turning over the leaves of a richly illuminated manuscript, "this is but an ungrateful world; it is smooth, but it is false, it stings while it smiles, and inflicts wounds which it cannot feel."

"And yet," said Olympias with a smile, "for this same ungrateful world you are toiling to give it a history which shall be one of its wonders."

"I look not for reward now, but I think of after-ages,

when posterity shall read my story, when the student shall bend over my pages, and the venerable sage bow his head in respect that a woman could produce such a work."

Her pedantic tone was tinged with arrogance, but her sincerity was evidenced by the nervous trembling of her hands.

Her attendants, when she paused, did not fail to make flattering prophecies of the continuity of her fame.

"Yes," she remarked with scorn, "you flatter now, for words come as bubbles on water from frivolous beings who have no souls. But she, who has one," she added, looking at Olympias, "is silent. Speak, my friend, and say what may I expect from the future."

Olympias answered boldly: "If fame rests on merit the Princess Anna has nothing to fear from posterity. But reason bids us-remember that cloud-building is a dangerous operation; we must be content with a good deed done and leave the rest to chance."

"Chance," exclaimed the Princess, "is but a stone in the carver's hand. Providence gives us chance, on which to carve our own design. Your thoughts are too soaring, Olympias. Who would work with nothing for their aim but the knowledge of their good intention? It might content your lofty soul but never mine. My object I must grasp. For this poor distracted State am I not giving the labour of my brain, and fear not taunts nor frowns? I would even commit what men call crime, if it helped me to gain my aim."

"Not so, Princess," replied Olympias, her dark eyes shining moist and full, "the end can never justify the means. We must go on straightly with reason for our guide. If violence or cunning would promote our end and we swerve from the rugged path of virtue, we may gain our end for a time, but we are stained for evermore with a stain no tears will wash away."

"You speak like a clever child," interrupted Anna, impatiently. "You would enter the golden gates with your head as high, and your proud form as erect as you walk the palace halls. He who rules must bend; the reed is not broken because it bows. Lofty thoughts are not reality, and freedom of mind is a flower that blossoms only in fancy-land. We get no happiness in this world but what we take for ourselves, and fain would our friends deprive us even of that."

"Say not so," replied Olympias reproachfully, "your happiness is ever of the deepest concern to me. I did but think it

meant more certain peace, if you tried to find a solace in study for its own sake and not for the empty applause of men."

Anna Comnena made no reply, but she took her friend's arm and led her to the parapet which ran outside the window all round the tower.

"*You* can afford to despise the favour of men," she said at last, slowly. "You are to be envied, my friend. You have beauty and rank and riches and (what I prize more) an intellect which soars above low despicable man."

Her voice was sad and listless.

"What quality have you mentioned," said Olympias unthinkingly, desirous only to soothe, "that you also do not possess in a still higher degree?"

"Beauty," she said in a melancholy tone. "Of what use are rank and riches, where my power is circumscribed? The Court is a weary place, Olympias."

Her eyes roamed wearily over gilded cupola and sparkling dome till they rested on the spacious quarters assigned to the English army.

"But do not think," she added after a brief pause, "it is often my brain is dulled as this. The time will come for action: it is inactivity that weighs down the soul. It is vexatious to watch the present state of things; a clear head could so easily steer our country through her manifold difficulties."

"Does not your father listen as of yore to your counsels?"

"My father visibly declines in mind more than body. He has fallen into the hands of those who have little wit and less principle, who think only of paying court to the heir (as they imagine)."

"Is not Prince John reputed wise in council and brave in battle?"

A look of hate crossed Anna's countenance. "He may have animal courage," she said with marked coolness, "that and nothing more. His dwarfish figure and domineering voice make him ridiculous. His councils are for war. He would reign by the might of his hand and the power of his head. But he shall never be Emperor if I can help it: he would ruin the country, he despises me."

Poor Princess Anna! In her father's prime she had shared his counsels and her advice had been often taken. She was his idol, his favourite, and the Court had followed suit

paying no attention to the heir John the Handsome, so named in derision of his stunted form and unwieldy head.

But the setting sun was waning now, sickness and disease had enfeebled the Emperor's mind, and the satellites turned to worship the one they deemed sure of the throne. Some thought John secure and to him paid honour, but various claimants arose; each had his faction, and sought to secure new adherents to his party. The Princess Anna, aided by her mother, plotted, contrived, and intrigued, deluding herself that she so acted for the good of the country.

And among them all moved the dying Emperor, powerless now to guide or control the resistless rush of the rising tumult which bade fair to overwhelm the State, in a series of misfortunes more ruinous than those brought about by any foreign invasion. Politicians wearied of his temporizing policy, ardent natures chafed at peace bought at the sacrifice of pride, looked with favour on the bold martial policy of his unsightly son, who had proved his prowess in more than one encounter. In spite of the discontent of Princess Anna, Alexius still leaned on her as his chief support and regarded everything she did with complacent admiration.

While Anna was still on the ramparts with Olympias a summons came for her to repair to her father's apartment: thither the friends went, the Princess' face softening as much as it ever did, for love for her father was the one soft spot in her heart. She greeted him with affectionate reverence. The old man was lying on a downy couch and he stretched out two emaciated arms to welcome her.

The Empress Irene was seated in the background apparently an ignored spectator, but nothing escaped her vigilant observation. There was only distrust and dislike between her and her Royal Consort. She possessed neither talent or genius yet thrust herself into every intrigue, and thirsted to be the object and leader of one. Her maladroitness had been the cause of more than one being discovered, and her husband had to watch her closely to obviate as much as possible the difficulties she threw in his way. Her jealousy at the happy confidence which subsisted between father and daughter was carefully kept alive by the various factions, and served to foment the discord in the hearts of the Imperial pair. Yet, so whimsical is woman, she gloried in Anna's fame, and was implicated at

that very moment in an intrigue in her favour, to the prejudice of Prince John whose very presence inspired her with hate and repugnance.

His uncompromising honesty and soldier-like bluntness was foreign to a nature which revelled in devious trickery. His strict integrity filled her only with fear and dislike. His life until now had indeed been sad. Scorned by his mother, neglected by his father, ridiculed by his sister, he had lived his own life apart and solitary, proudly reserved and locking his feelings in his own bosom. He could not find in intellectual study the pleasure such pursuits afforded his sister, though he possessed a keen eye and steady power of application which enabled him to profit by all he saw or read. Out-door sports were his passion, and wistfully he had watched in childhood the street-urchins at play. Fortunately an old veteran took pity on the forlorn boy, and inured him to martial law and discipline. He gradually cured the Prince's nervous diffidence, taught him the power of self-government and to rely on his wonderful penetration of character.

Despite his bodily infirmities the royal youth thrived among the warriors, and before the prime of his manhood no one was more loved and obeyed in the army than the once reviled Prince. So he lived among the soldiers and became as one of them, his sympathies were theirs, perhaps also his very faults. *They* appreciated his blunt ruggedness which made him pronounced at Court unfit for Society, *they* admired the stern roughness which would not brook a lie. Yet fate required that he should quit his beloved camp and reside in that palace where he knew plots and counter-plots were busy to deprive him of his inheritance. It was like entering a foreign country, the very people were alien, their manners and conversation strange.

"I can do no good," he said, when the old veteran urged him. "I can fight for my country, but I cannot talk for it."

"You owe it to your country," was the uncompromising reply. "You can never be the father of your people till you understand something of their ways."

So he went, but none realized the suffering he endured, nor how all the old feelings of morbid sensitiveness returned, intensified a thousand-fold. A fierce hatred of all foreigners filled his soul. Often the uncouth soldiery, Gaels or Celts or

Saxons, called out as they saw him pass: "There goes the hunchback, heir to the Imperial throne."

The language he did not understand, the gestures he did; and he pined to be among his own brave warriors whose hearts were true, and words kind if rough. One day he was passing a noisy set of French brawlers, and as they saw his mis-shapen figure, head bent on his breast, and long arms swinging loosely, they surrounded him with many a drunken jest. Ignorant of his rank they pursued their fun, undeterred by the Prince, who stood defiantly with folded arms till they had finished their cruel sport. One of the most inebriated, enraged at his silence, struck him with the flat part of his sword.

The Prince in an instant struck his assailant a blow that laid him prostrate on the ground. Immediately there was a commotion, weapons were drawn, and the Prince had to fight for his very life. Boiling as he was with rage at the insult, his steadiness of aim never wavered, nor did the power of his arm fail to take effect. So valiantly did he defend himself that the drunken crew began to think there must be something uncanny about a being who, half their size, could so long hold his ground against such numbers.

Still numbers must have won in the end, if a young man had not suddenly appeared on the scene in a costume flashing with gold and steel. The brilliance of his dress completed the bewilderment of the amazed revellers. They fled with muttered oaths that "St. George kept strange company, for he had come down from Heaven to protect that knavish imp." Theodore advanced gracefully towards the Prince, and introducing himself, offered to accompany him back to the Palace. On their way thither his *insouciance* and *bonhomie* attracted the Prince, who was conscious of his own painful deficiency in such qualities, and from that time forth he sought the gay youth's company and found him a solace and relief to his own gloomy thoughts.

They entered the Emperor's apartment together one evening. Olympias was there and she flashed an expressive glance at Theodore. The Prince she greeted kindly, for she was above all party-spirit, and though a warm admirer of his pedantic sister, indulged in no personal animosity.

The Emperor beckoned his daughter to approach. "The angel of Death hovers near my couch," he said in feeble tones,

"but he does not strike. He but sends a thrill of expectation through my wasted frame, and then turns away his head."

"Is there not comfort in the thought," replied Anna gently, "that your life has been passed in the service of your country?"

"Still death makes one shudder," he went on in a soliloquizing tone, "though I am weary of life, and fain would rest, its approach is so stealthy, the hour so uncertain, all things ebb and flow but death, he alone is certain. The rich are poor, for they cannot buy life."

"Yet death is but the beginning of life," observed Anna soothingly, "the hour of death is the hour of a new and glorious birth for you. It is we who will grieve for the loss of one we love."

"The loss will be felt but little," he said mournfully. "Many even now are weary of seeing the old man linger and would hasten the end. The State, the country, the people, have had my fullest care, and now they will fall into the hands of noisy brawlers."

"Believe me, father," said the Prince coming forward, "this city shall never fall into the hands of strangers while a drop of blood runs in my veins."

"You can think of nothing but fighting," said the Emperor fretfully. "Your sister will tell you to rule with the tongue and govern by the mind if you wish the wheels of State to revolve smoothly."

"You must deal with rough customers roughly," replied his son with bluntness.

"Not so," exclaimed Anna, "that is a barbarous notion. Rather should you dazzle them by the brilliancy of your superior tactics and a policy which they are forced to own is beyond their comprehension."

"Force alone will prevail with a turbulent soldiery," persisted John. "Foreigners and Greeks will never live in harmony. Expel them all, say I, to give the army something to do."

"And the whole policy of this reign is to be undone," remarked Anna ironically.

The Emperor opened his eyes, which had been closed for a few moments. "Do not wrangle, children," he said wearily. "My son, ever heed Anna's counsels: her sagacity will steer you through many a stormy sea. You are good and honest, but not versed in the ways of a Court. You have many things to learn."

"I learn not from any woman," said the Prince firmly. "My warriors and my goodwill must supply my inexperience."

Anna's thin lips tightened. There was a latent triumph in her forced smile that blended strangely with a look of hate.

The Emperor's mind now wandered, and he rambled in his speech.

"Do you see that Angel?" he said, "St. Michael, who stands with a fiery sword and waves it before the entrance. I ever see him with flashing eyes, and on his brow my crimes are traced. Oh turn away that awful countenance, in pity turn away."

He threw his arms out wildly, and drops of perspiration stood as beads upon his brow.

At a sign from the Empress the party withdrew, and the attendants approached the couch.

Irene joined the others presently in the ante-room.

"He is calmer now," she said, in answer to their inquiries, "but these attacks get more and more frequent."

"No man could live long in this close atmosphere," remarked the Prince, going to the open window and drawing in deep breaths of fresh air. "Give me the pure air of the camp."

"We have not all been trained in your school," said his sister coldly, "the refinements of civilized life are a necessity to us."

"Well, give me the unpolluted breeze. I care naught for refinement nor luxury."

"No, some minds are too dense to receive new impressions."

"My sister, I did not mean to hurt you," putting his hand on her shoulder. "Your uncouth brother, I know, must often grate upon your feelings. But trust me, Anna. What I say, I do. I will stand by you when others fail you. Too soon we shall be left alone: do not let us complicate matters by misunderstandings. If all is fair and above-board between us, we can be friends, and more than friends." He looked wistfully towards her, but the cold glitter in her eyes showed no response to this unusual emotion. She turned away and made no reply. A shade of disappointment saddened his face, and his next speech was to Olympias.

"Our Court, to you, must be but a scene of sorrow and confusion, honeycombed as it is with secret societies, each one striving to undermine the other."

"A stirring life is ever full of interest," she replied with

courtesy, "and one who has her country's welfare at heart must ever watch State affairs with keen anxiety."

"The scene around is hardly one which awakens a glow of pride," he said mournfully. "Greed and ambition are the mainsprings which determine most of the actions of those around us."

"Those who study character," she replied, "can see much to admire beneath many an unpromising exterior."

"And much to pity and to blame," he added when Olympias paused. His keen eyes travelled to where his sister stood. "It is painful to behold such splendid talent warped and misapplied. It is painful to know we cannot bend and may therefore have to break. After all, a soldier's life is the safest life. Its aim is exalted and simple, and it can exercise abilities of the highest order."

"Tactics and strategy," said Olympias, with her sweet queenly smile, "things that Prince John abhors with all his soldier's heart."

"Not so," and his face lightened with a bright flash of feeling, for her soft majestic manner pleased him. "I recognize and admire those qualities when waged in open warfare and worked by established rules. It is deceit I loathe, the winning smile with hatred in the soul."

"Yet," joined in Anna, "the greatest statesmen are those who watch and wait, who ensnare the unconscious victim in the toils which are to destroy him. There is something intellectual in such a course; so different to the hacking and hewing policy which cuts every obstacle and rides roughshod over friend and foe."

"Dissimulation and guile are the weapons of the one, courage and resolution of the other," said Olympias. "I would far rather die in a noble cause than live plotting and planning, playing with people's passions and toying with their vices."

"Yet, if you wish to succeed, mine is the surer way," persisted Anna. "Make tools of people, teach them to play into your hand, but never show your own. The time comes when you have reached the pinnacle, can throw off the mask and rule right royally."

"With your peace of mind wrecked for ever," said Prince John, who now that he could rely on a sympathetic friend, emerged from misanthropic silence. "Do you think that when

you have been living for years in an atmosphere of guile and deception, you can fall back into your former peaceful ignorance? Habits of suspicion are never thrown away. In each friend you see a foe: in each sentence you detect a hidden meaning. Have not your philosophic researches brought you to the same conclusion?" he concluded, addressing Olympias.

"I have always thought," she answered, "that knowledge leads to pain as well as to power. Until lately I have thought nevertheless, that the pleasure outweighed the pain: but I am learning now that Nature is mightier than philosophy, and that her favoured children are those who are to be envied, rather than those who seek happiness in knowledge."

Involuntarily her eyes rested wistfully on Theodore, who smilingly met her gaze.

The ever-watchful Irene noticed the sympathetic glance exchanged.

The sound of music interrupted their discourse, and the band belonging to the Emperor's corps passed the Palace-gates.

At the sight of their beloved Prince they halted, and simultaneously their voices rang out in one strong shout of welcome and applause.

A dark flush of gratified pride passed over the sickly face of the Prince, as he advanced and acknowledged this spontaneous burst of loyalty.

"At such moments," he remarked to Olympias, "one feels the joy of existing. I feel there is something worth living for—to keep their friendship and esteem."

"Theirs is a dreary life, to remain cooped up in the city when their hearts must be bounding to win fame and glory fighting against a foe," she said in a sympathetic voice.

He sighed a weary sigh. "Watching and waiting is the motto of the present Government," he replied. "Watching plots and waiting for impossible prosperity, which will never come unless we go to seek for it. May the day dawn when our lives shall not be dragged out in protracted idleness."

"He who makes too sure of his crown will fall," muttered Anna, as she followed Olympias to the window and watched the procession as it defiled through a narrow pathway and disappeared from view.

Hardly had the last notes of their clarions died away, when a new array hove in sight. This was composed of soldiers in glittering armour, with helmets shining in the sun.

"It is those false friends who are the ruin of our land," observed the Prince with a gesture of impatience. "They shall be swept from the country when I have sway, and shall not live in plenty while my subjects starve."

A nervous tremor passed over Anna's face, and her thin lips twitched convulsively.

Olympias followed the direction of her eyes, and saw them rest on a tall fair-haired warrior, whose frank sunburnt face was turned upwards to where they stood. His eyes scanned the castle walls, and Olympias fancied his plume was doffed, and that he lingered with a purpose behind the others; but when she glanced at Anna her face was still as ever, and gave no signs of having seen the favoured Frank.

"Whatever my brother may say," she observed, "they are a fine sight, wending their way to Santa Sophia, and if we ascend the turret we shall have even a better view."

She led the way as she spoke, and they all followed save the Empress.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EMPRESS.

LEFT alone, the placid, unmeaning countenance of the Empress Irene altered. Her face changed into an expression of intense craft and suspicion.

"Is the mother to be left out," she muttered, "in all State affairs? Ah, she is no cipher, as they will quickly discover. Clever as Anna is, her penetration is not equal to mine. Her policy is too slow, while my bluff son will not keep the throne a fortnight. Yes, Anna has the better chance, and I had better throw my influence on to her side. If she gains the throne through me, she will learn to appreciate my worth. She will do nothing in her father's lifetime, but he once dead, I can make her fall into my views. John is smitten by the charms of the beautiful Greek whose talents have endeared her to Anna, while the graceful Asiatic who came in her train has won her heart. Now, can I not make something of this complication?"

She thought deeply for a few minutes, her head buried in her hand, then a shrewd, cruel look stole into her eyes, and the

thin lips which her daughter inherited parted, and her breath came and went quickly.

"If I can," she gasped, "and why not? What does a few days signify when so near the end?"

She summoned a slave, and bade him discover Phidias, and tell him the Empress waited.

She had not long to wait. With obsequious courtesy he made his appearance, not allowing his surprise to appear by a single inflection of the voice. Still less did he betray his elation at being called to a private interview with the Empress.

"Your daughter," she began in a bland voice, "has obtained such a hold on Princess Anna's affection that I have long felt anxious to know the father of one who is at once so talented and so beautiful. But my time is occupied with the Emperor's illness and affairs of State. We who are in power are little to be envied. In reality we possess far less liberty than the meanest vassal in our realm."

"Your time, I know," he replied with a courtly smile, "is ever bestowed for the welfare of your country, and I am proud to possess even a passing share in your thoughts."

"More than a passing share," she said with an insinuating smile, "it has caused me to remember and procure this interview. But our thoughts are not even our own; these, too, are demanded by the State. Weighed down as we may be with private grief, we have no leisure to bestow on individual sorrow."

"Truly in the future life," replied Phidias, in polished tones, "there will be a place reserved for those monarchs who have laboured so unremittingly for the good of the people."

"And I suppose those Ministers who have served them faithfully expect to be admitted to a share of their bliss," observed the Empress astutely.

"Surely," exclaimed Phidias, "they will think it reward enough to gaze on that company whose happiness they have helped to increase?"

"Such ideas sound well in the mouth of Olympias," interrupted the Empress, impatiently, "but you and I know well that courtiers look for reward, and will not serve unless they obtain it. You have an accomplished daughter, Phidias."

"I am proud of her, the more so since you have deigned to notice my child, and your gifted daughter has honoured her with friendship."

"Yes, replied Irene, haughtily, "the Princess does not often condescend to court the society of her sex, but her attachments once formed, are lasting. Olympias has nought to fear from the inconstancy of royal favour, unless by her own conduct she forfeits esteem and regard."

"Olympias will never prove unworthy of the position she has attained," broke in Phidias, the natural tone of a fond father for once breaking through the obsequious artificial strain he generally adopted.

"I doubt it not," was the gracious reply. "There is nothing trivial in her nature, though she is a trifle impetuous and somewhat proud. I have scanned her conduct narrowly, and her head has not been turned by those who have paid tribute to her beauty and her grace."

"The philosophy Olympias has imbibed from the Princess Anna has taught her to be independent of the youth around her and to view their actions with disdain."

"They all affect to talk like that, till the tender passion has touched them. But tell me, Phidias, as you would tell one who takes a true interest in your daughter's happiness, is there no one in this Court among the many who admire her who has taught her the language of the soul? I have thought at times that your kinsman, the sweet-voiced Theodore, has known how to illumine a fire in her marble heart."

"It may be so," was his wary reply.

"Would you view the alliance with favour?"

"If it met with your approbation," he began cautiously, determined not to commit himself until he divined her aim. "He is young, wealthy, and endowed with those talents likely to gain favour in high circles."

"Well," said the Empress, eyeing him closely with her keen deep-set eyes. "I am willing to procure him an advantageous position in the Imperial household, and so enable Olympias to move in a sphere which her gifts render her so fitted to adorn. Of course I want a service done, and you yourself will not be forgotten if it is accomplished to my satisfaction. Now listen and understand. You are deeply versed in statecraft: if your knowledge corresponds with your reputation, I need not put into words the service I require at your hands."

She paused, and they mutely gazed into each other's eyes.

One saw greed, avarice, ambition, a mind ready for any

veiled villainy, the other beheld love, hatred, a craving for power, and a fearing hesitancy to make the fatal plunge.

Slowly, slowly, Irene withdrew her gaze. Subdued by the superior evil of her companion, she began to unfold her plan.

"The Emperor cannot last long," she said in modulated tones; "his mind is now partly affected. He is haunted with a fear of the appearance of St. Michael, whom he imagines will condemn him at the hour of death. At times he declares the phantom is present, and then his eyes dilate with terror, his body gets stiff, and he is insensible to all around. His physicians say next time he suffers from the delusion he will surely die; the tension on the nerves is so great he will have no strength to recover from the prostration which follows these attacks."

"Enough," said Phidias, with a gentle wave of the hand. "Your servant hears, and your servant understands. Say no more, words are fatal, and light is the wind that carries them afar. A few days from hence, and his pains will be at an end."

"No violence," she said with a frightened gesture; "violence would lead to suspicion."

"Hush," and his tone was one of authority. "The Emperor's sleep though long will be a natural one."

Phidias closed his lips tightly, and a dark light played over his sinister countenance. Then he bowed low and retired.

Reviews.

I.—RECORDS OF THE ENGLISH CATHOLICS.¹

MR. ORLEBAR PAYNE, who has previously given us *The English Catholic Nonjurors of 1715*, now places before us another volume of records respecting the Catholics of that troubled period of our history. This new volume is partly derived from wills at Somerset House and elsewhere, and partly from the "Forfeited Estate Papers," at the Public Record Office. It could only have been compiled by steady persevering labour, which by any one but an enthusiastic lover of his work would have been accounted drudgery. It is fortunate for the historian and the genealogist, and it is especially fortunate for all students of the penal laws and of the persecutions through which the Catholic Church has passed in this country, that the sources of history should be ransacked by such careful investigators as Mr. Orlebar Payne. Such books are extremely valuable as showing how it came about that the Catholic religion in England lost one Catholic family after another. Many of those who had remained steadfast in the days of martyrdom, failed when Catholics were no longer put to death for their religion. The penal laws respecting property were made more severe, and every inducement to apostasy was held out by the transfer of property from the Catholic to the Protestant members of a family. Here is a specimen :

Francis Anderton, Esq., swore this 30th May, 1718, saith that he hath constantly paid about £50 or £60 *per annum* to his elder brother Sir Laurence Anderton, who is now about the age of seven or eight and thirty years, and was educated in and doth still profess the Romish religion, and that when he was about the age of 15 or 16 he, the said Sir Laurence, was sent over to the Seminary at St. Omers to study and be instructed in his religion and for his education, and that he remained

¹ *Records of the English Catholics of 1715, compiled wholly from original documents.* Edited by John Orlebar Payne, M.A. London: Burns and Oates, 1889.

in the same College, for the purposes aforesaid for the space of seven years or thereabouts; and further, this deponent saith that he hath heard the said Sir Laurence Anderton own that he was a monk.

Sir Laurence Anderton was, we believe, a Benedictine. His brother seems to have taken his title, as we learn from the quartermaster of dragoons, who after the battle of Preston were "ordered to reside at the house of Francis Anderton, Esq., commonly called Sir Francis Anderton at Lostock."

The pressure of the penal laws in another way is shown by a paper submitted for counsel's opinion by the Commissioners of forfeited estates. Mr. Thomas Radcliffe had left his property to his sister Lady Mary Radcliffe for her life and then to his nephew James Earl of Derwentwater, who was, besides, his heir-at-law. "Lady Mary was at the time of the devise a Roman Catholic within the statute 11 and 12 King William, *by which she is rendered incapable of taking by the will*, so that the premises vested in the said Earl of Derwentwater and his heirs, by his being attainted of high treason became forfeited, and are now vested in the Commissioners." Another note tells us that "the Lady Mary Radcliffe is a great bigot, and therefore was thought [by Catholics] a fit person to be entrusted with the disposal of legacies left by nuncupative wills for superstitious uses."

The book Mr. Payne has compiled contains many most interesting details of various sorts connected with Catholic life at the time. Mr. Eyston of East Hendred bequeathed to his eldest son "Bishop Fisher's staff," a venerable relic still retained in the same family. Catherine Winford left "to the wife of William Gibson, Esq., a gold ring that I commonly wore upon my thumb, in which is a silver ring of St. Xavier's." This lady left "£400 to raise £20 a year to maintain a student at St. Omers or at some College of the [the word *Society* is cut out of the manuscript], to be educated there in order to become a religious man of whatsoever [Order] God shall give him a vocation to." Her great silver crucifix she gave to "my Lord Bishop Giffard, humbly begging his remembrance of my father and my mother." To "the district of the Society of Jesus of Worcestershire" she gave her large picture of our Saviour upon the Cross; "and my best suit of church stuff, with the chalice of silver and all things belonging to it I give to that Catholic church or chapel that shall be first set up in Worcestershire,

with the obligation of praying for the soul of my father, mother, and myself." To Mrs. Appolonia Yates she left "a pair of white cornelian beads of five tens, with a reliquary set in gold in the shape of a heart." A mourning ring was to be put to "a coral pair of beads" for her cousin Dorothy Hastings—and so on, there being legacies in money to "the English Carthusians in Newport where Mr. Hall is now Prior," to the Poor Clares in Dunkirk, to the English Discalced Carmelites "towards a foundation of a house or Convent for them," to "the Catholic boarding school at Hammersmith," which was really a Convent of the Institute of Mary, and to priests and Jesuits without number. Not a single point of this pious will was carried out, for the Codicil containing these secret trusts was "discovered" to the Commissioners by one Francis Brooke who had married one of Mrs. Winford's legatees, and it was cancelled accordingly. This man says, "the Provincial of the Jesuits, since dead, was a near relation to my wife, and very helpful in recovering our right. He was surprised when I told him the tenour of the deed, that such a thing could be [*i.e.*, the foundation of a bursc at St. Omers] and he not know it."

Then there is the case of Sir Henry Fletcher, who left to the Church of the English Recollects in Douay, of which he was the founder and wherein he was buried, "all my church plate, both of gold and silver, and what are set with diamonds, to be put up at our Blessed Lady's altar; to them also I leave my church vestments:" and to the Rector of the English College at Douay he left "my two large silver pails I used to set my bottles in, and which are in one of the boxes at Mr. Hickins', goldsmith, wherein is my table plate, to make with my other church plate two holy water pots for their church in Douay, also my two fine pictures with silver frames, one whereof is our Blessed Saviour, to be put up in their church." Sir Henry's pious intentions were frustrated by Thomas Fletcher, "his nearest relation in name and blood," and owing to his "discovery," the Commissioner sent the under-sheriff of London to seize Sir Henry's plate at the goldsmith's, and they secured silver to the weight of 231 lbs. 4 oz. together with a gold chalice weighing 1lb. 8oz. and a silver "glory" gilt and set with large diamonds.

But we must refrain from making further extracts. Though 1715 is the date given to the book, the extracts range through the first half of the eighteenth century. The summaries of wills

are so valuable, that our only regret is that *all* Catholic wills of the last and preceding centuries are not equally within our reach. Mr. Orlebar Payne has our sincerest thanks for what he has already given us, and we look for still more from his zeal and diligence.

2.—THE COMPOSITION OF GENESIS.¹

This little work is the second of a series styled *Études Bibliques*, which M. Lethielleux has just commenced to bring out. He wishes to form a companion series to the *Bible Commentée*, with a view to fuller treatment of certain special topics, which need it. The present volume deals with the question of Mosaic authorship, in relation, however, to the Book of Genesis alone. The writer was obviously compelled by considerations of bulk to impose upon himself this limitation, but he does not allow it to prevent him from making such incursions into the examination of the following books of the Pentateuch, or rather Hexateuch, as are required to give cogency to his argument.

M. Julian does not undervalue, as some are apt to do, the strength of the adverse position. He gives it the most conscientious statement. Indeed any one anxious to understand the process by which the dissolvent criticism seeks to distinguish different component documents, could hardly be referred to a more satisfactory instructor. Most books on this subject are content to furnish a general statement of the alleged characteristics of the Elohist, Jehovist, &c., together with an interminable array of references. What wonder if the reader, aghast at the appalling labour of working out so huge a problem unaided, turns away in disgust, and resolves to take on faith the verdict most pleasing to him? M. Julian, on the other hand, will assist him to some intelligent insight into the methods pursued and put him on the road towards the formation of an independent judgment.

In spite of his thorough realization of the difficulties in his way, the author unhesitatingly maintains that we must regard Genesis as the work of a single hand, the hand being that of Moses. He allows, of course, that the legislator may have had, and in fact must have had documents, whether written or oral,

¹ *Étude Critique sur la Composition de la Genèse.* Par P. Julian, Docteur en Théologie. Paris : Lethielleux, 1888.

preserving the history of previous times in a more or less continuous form, but insists that his relation to these documents would not have been that of a mere redactor tessellating them together, but must have been that of an author employing his material with freedom and imparting to the work the form of his own mind. The critical arguments appealed to do not differ in substance from those usually invoked by orthodox critics. They are handled with precision as also with moderation; perhaps, however, in rather too summary a manner. As this is the most critical portion of the work, one would have liked it to receive at least the same amount of elaboration as the statement of the opposing position.

M. Julian, of course, admits that the defence of the Mosaic authorship, if it is to be complete, must succeed in satisfying the mind on critical grounds alone. At the same time, he rightly insists on the primary importance for Catholics of the dogmatic argument. He lays special stress on the language of our Lord and claims that when He speaks of Moses as the writer of the Law, we are compelled by force of terms to understand Him to refer not merely to the legislation by itself, but to this in its particular setting in the books known to the Jews of the period under the name of "the Law." Starting again from the concept of inspiration, such as it is set forth not more distinctly in the declarations of the Church than in the text of Scripture, he denies its compatibility with the documentary theory. If that theory is accepted, either the author of the documents and also the redactor were inspired, or else only the authors of the documents and not the redactor, or else again only the redactor and not the authors of the documents. But no one of these three suppositions, he argues, is tenable. We are not sure that this conclusion is so absolutely certain, as again we are not sure that the previous inference from our Lord's mode of speech is unimpeachable. We do, however, think that the arguments on which, in common with the mass of conservative critics, the author relies, are most forcible. If they can be overcome, it must be by reasoning more solid than the slipshod which we sometimes hear offered as a sufficient justification for attempting to combine denial of Mosaic authorship with retention of the Christian faith.

3.—THE POPE AND THE BIBLE.¹

A recent American writer said that "not one recent non-Catholic philosopher, historian, reviewer, or controversialist, has written of the Catholic Church without falling into elementary blunders concerning everyday Catholic belief and practice." Dr. Wright, with whom Father Clarke has dealt in his book, *The Pope and the Bible*, makes no exception to the rule. An article from his pen appeared some time back in the *Contemporary Review*, entitled "The Power behind the Pope," which has since been issued in pamphlet form. We hear that the author has been to the needless trouble and expense of sending a copy of his production to many—perhaps, for aught we know, all—of the Catholic Clergy in this country, we suppose with a view to their enlightenment and emancipation from the thralldom of Rome. The pamphlet is a good specimen of the Protestant method of conducting controversy—the method of those who are so loud in the cry of Truth, Honesty, Straightforwardness, Fair Play, Purity of Evangelical Doctrine, and so forth. They set up a straw man which they label "Romanism," "Image-worship," "Purgatory," "Indulgences," "Popish Infallibility," &c., and then proceed with immense satisfaction to demolish the hateful object. Whereupon the victory is proclaimed with terrible braying of trumpets and beating of drums, and Popery and the Pope are considered as for ever vanquished and reduced utterly to nought. How the victory has been accomplished in the present instance Father Clarke tells us in *The Pope and the Bible*;—the most "elementary blunders" concerning Catholic belief, ignorant misconception, gross misrepresentation, false statement of facts forming part of the equipment of this latest prophet of truth and orthodoxy. Father Clarke has been good enough to take to pieces Dr. Wright's straw man, not for any value that is inherent in the Doctor's construction, but for the sake of readers who are likely to be misled by bold assertions and an extra strong application of war-paint and feathers.

Some of the chapters in *The Pope and the Bible* have appeared as articles in THE MONTH; but there is a valuable Introduction, and an Appendix, containing answers to further

¹ *The Pope and the Bible*. An explanation of the case of M. Lasserre, and of the attitude of the Catholic Church to popular Bible-reading. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society, 21, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.

charges of Dr. Wright. The object Father Clarke proposes to himself in these pages is sufficiently indicated by the short summary he himself gives in the Introduction: "In the first chapter, I have discussed the action of the Pope and the Congregation of the Index in dealing with M. Lasserre's translation of the Gospels. . . . In the second chapter I have examined on grounds of reason the general question of popular Bible-reading. In the third I have shown how the decision of authority coincide with what natural reason approves." We think Father Clarke has accomplished his task in a very thorough manner. We will give a few extracts from the Introduction and the Appendix; they will be an indication to our readers what they may expect in this excellent little volume.

In the Introduction (p. 2), Father Clarke says:

It is quite impossible to avoid confused ideas and wrong conclusions respecting Papal Infallibility, unless we remember that it extends only to dogmatic decrees laid down for the whole Church in matters of faith and morals. This limitation is clear enough. Dr. Wright, the Protestant controversialist, who has taken occasion from the story of M. Lasserre to assail the Church of God, calls this a "shifty definition," but he does not seem to know the meaning of the words he uses. It is as clear and definite as it can be. It excludes all private utterances, all decrees respecting matters of practice, all commands and prohibitions, all declarations in which the Pope delegates his power to Congregations of Cardinals, or to any other subordinate authorities. All these are outside the range of Infallibility; into each and all error may find its way. It is the policy of the dishonest Protestant controversialist to confuse these—to throw dust in the eyes of the ignorant by saying that one Infallible Pope condemns what another Infallible Pope approves, or forbids what the other commands, and to represent this as fatal to the doctrine of Infallibility. If the reader desires to have true ideas on this subject, he must be careful not to be misled by sophisms like these. He must draw the line clear and sharp between the field of the infallible and the field of the fallible. It is one of the marks of ignorance to overlook distinctions, and is one of the most fruitful sources of error. It is one to which Protestant nations are especially exposed. They are proud of their common-sense view of things, and have a dread of subtle distinctions, to which they give the unfair name of hair-splitting. They forget that between truth and falsehood, as between right and wrong, the distinguishing line, though clearly marked, is sometimes a very narrow one.

Father Clarke gives us an instance of Dr. Wright's method of controversy. (Introduction, p. 8.) In one of his letters printed

in the papers, Dr. Wright says: "I pointed out as clearly as I could that the same Infallible Pope had officially cursed the same version of the Gospels twelve months and fifteen days after he had officially sent it forth glowing with his benediction." A Catholic priest very aptly asked what grounds Dr. Wright had for saying that the Pope *cursed* (!) the book. "Dr. Wright in reply quotes triumphantly the words, *Sacra Congregatio damnavit et damnat*. . . . He translates *dammare* 'to curse,' and thereby displays an ignorance of the Latin language that would disgrace a school-boy, or a dishonesty that is worse than ignorance."

The extreme accuracy and love of truth of this Protestant controversialist may be judged from a short paragraph of six lines given in the Appendix. (p. 79.) In this narrow space the writer has managed to make four blunders—at least. The passage is from a letter to the *Eastern Daily Press* (October 13, 1888), and runs as follows:

Sixtus the Fifth made his decree a matter of faith and morals by suspending over it the greater excommunication. . . . Notwithstanding this, Clement the Eighth, two years later, defied the excommunication of his predecessor, and in an equally infallible manner brought out a new edition of the Bible, with changes on every page.

Father Clarke points out (1) that there is no excommunication or threat of excommunication mentioned in the Decree at all; (2) that even if the alleged excommunication were there it would not render a Decree infallible; (3) that the fact that there was no excommunication for Clement the Eighth to defy, and that if there had been it could not have applied to him, makes the assertion that he "defied the excommunication of his predecessor" absurd; (4) that the notion of a new edition of a book being brought out in an infallible manner is a new and entertaining application of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility.

The various questions discussed in *The Pope and the Bible* are worthy of the careful consideration of every Catholic—and still more of every Protestant reader. In a day when so much popular ignorance and misconception prevails on these subjects, we consider Father Clarke's little book a most useful and welcome contribution.

4.—LEAVES FROM ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.¹

Miss Allies comes before the public with an hereditary title to authorship on matters of patristic lore, and her father introduces her *Leaves from St. John Chrysostom* with a preface of twenty-one pages, in which he gives us a succinct account of the birth, parentage, life, labours, writings, sufferings, and death, of the great preacher.

This little book will be especially welcome to those who, for one reason or another, have not access to the entire works of St. John Chrysostom, but all will be glad to see, in our own language, samples of the eloquence of the great Saint, who united the erudition and power of unravelling the meaning of Holy Scripture of a great commentator, with the accuracy of a profound theologian, "and whose least merit is that he was the greatest preacher of the Eastern Church, and gave to the language of Plato, eight hundred years after him, in its decline, a glory equal to that which the Athenian had given to it in its prime."

The book consists of a collection of excerpts (we should call them "elegant extracts") from the writings of the Saint, and is divided into three parts. The first, and longest, is taken from homilies preached to the people, on general subjects, under the heading "THE KING'S HIGHWAY." The second, which is entitled "THE KING'S HOUSE," gives passages treating of the office of St. Peter, the priesthood, and the sacraments: portions of it being extracts from the Saint's famous treatise "On the Priesthood." The third, headed PERSONAL, contains some of St. John's letters, written on interesting occasions, and, generally, with reference to his banishment. Miss Allies has done her work well. The English is good, and the translations scholar-like. It is difficult, especially where all is so good, to make a selection from a selection; and our space does not permit us to give extracts of sufficient length to represent fairly the general manner of St. Chrysostom, or the skill of his translator.

Of the vast number of homilies preached by St. Chrysostom which remain to us, no fewer than four hundred and eighty-six are on the New Testament, and of these, which are the most highly esteemed of the Saint's writings, ninety are

¹ *Leaves from St. John Chrysostom.* Selected and Translated by Mary H. Allies. Edited, with a Preface, by T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. London: Burns and Oates, 1889.

on the Gospel of St. Matthew, and two hundred and forty-six on the Epistles of St. Paul. They are marvels of skill in interweaving Christian doctrine with the literal interpretation of the text of Holy Scripture; and of the former St. Thomas Aquinas is said to have declared that he would rather possess them than the city of Paris; while of the latter St. Isidore of Pelusium wrote: "I believe if Paul had interpreted himself in Attic phrase, he would have done it no otherwise than this distinguished, holy teacher. So admirable is his exposition in meaning, elegance, and choice of words." It is principally from these homilies on the New Testament that Miss Allie has made her selections in the first part of her volume, and with great judgment. They embrace a great variety of subjects, and all bear the stamp of the "golden mouth." Among the most admirable is that on the "rich young man." (p. 41.) What displays the Saint in all the teaching of the holy doctor is that, being so learned and so eloquent, these qualities seem almost to disappear and are driven into the background of his discourse, by the unction and grace to which he makes them subservient. He is constantly dwelling upon the superior eloquence and dialectic of the heathens, and appealing to the success of the Gospel, in spite of the human deficiencies of its preachers, as a proof of the Divine power with which it is instinct. "Those very unlearned, rustic, untaught men, beat down men wise in their conceits, powerful men, tyrants, men who were enjoying riches and glory, and all outward goods, as if they had not been men at all. Whence it is clear that the power of the Cross was great, and that it was not through human strength that these things took place. Whenever something takes place which is above nature, and very much above it, and is also opportune and good, it is evident that it happens by a certain Divine power and co-operation." (p. 96.) "The unlearned Paul," he says, "taking Plato's disciples convinced them and drew them to himself." This was "a triumphant victory."

The extracts, which form the second part, are more esoteric in their character; some of them treat of the Office of St. Peter, and show how our Lord in His commission to His Apostle manifested His Godhead by promising two things which belong only to God, the remission of sins, and the setting up of "an immutable Church in the midst of the waves, and making a fisherman more enduring than the

hardest rock, with the whole world against him." An admirable exhortation, preached by the Saint before going into exile, describes that "immutable" Church as "stronger than Heaven." Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away; and those words are, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.'" Some sublime passages from the treatise "On the Priesthood," and homilies on the same subject, enlarge on the exalted character of the priesthood of the New Testament, and especially on its divinely-conferred powers of offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and remitting sins. Then follow exhortations on the Holy Eucharist and the worthy receiving of It, on the Christian Sacrifice, the union of Christ with His members, and devotion to the martyrs and to the souls of the departed.

Among the letters, which form the third part, one is addressed to Pope Innocent the First, appealing to his authority, and describing to him the cruel and lawless violence from which he was suffering, through the intrusion of Theophilus (Patriarch of Alexandria), who stirred up popular tumults in Constantinople against him, collected a number of bishops in the illegitimate "Synod of the Oak" and condemned him. The Pope at once responded to the appeal, and prevailed on the Emperor Honorius to send a solemn protest against these outrages to Arcadius (then Emperor of the East), but he, influenced by his Empress, Eudoxia, who had been offended by the liberty of speech used by St. Chrysostom, and whose enmity pursued him to the death, turned a deaf ear to the counsels of the Pope and his brother Emperor. The rest of the letters are all written during the Saint's exile, and show the magnanimity of his soul, and his absolute confidence in God. Driven into exile from his diocese and the capital, and suffering severe, bodily sickness, he writes to encourage those under persecution, to console those under affliction, to stimulate the efforts of those who were extending the Kingdom of Christ in heathen countries, to advance in perfection those practising a life of virginity and mortification, and to preach the vanity of human things to those suffering reverses of fortune. St. Chrysostom is everywhere conspicuous for his zeal for the successor of Peter and the Holy See, as the centre of unity, and for his devotion to St. Paul. The latter he took as his own model, thoroughly

imbibed his spirit, and by some his devotion has been thought to have been rewarded by direct assistance from the Apostle. "Not so bright is the heaven," said St. Chrysostom, in one of his homilies preached at Antioch (see p. 222), "when the sun sends forth his beams, as is the city of Rome sending forth everywhere over the world these two lights. Thence shall Paul, thence shall Peter, be caught up. Think, and tremble, what a sight shall Rome behold, when Paul suddenly rises from that resting-place with Peter, and is carried up to meet the Lord. What a rose doth Rome offer to Christ! with what two garlands is that city crowned! with what golden fetters is she girdled! what fountains does she possess! Therefore do I admire that city, not for the multitude of its gold, nor for its columns, nor for its other splendours, but for these, the pillars of the Church."

St. Chrysostom died of ill-treatment, in exile and dishonour, through the spite of a woman. But the Empress Eudoxia, the instigator of his death, died before her victim, and his chief enemies soon followed him to the grave. Thirty years later, his body was brought back to Constantinople, with pomp and ceremony and the tears of a multitude of the faithful, and afterwards translated to Rome. There it has found a fitting resting-place under an altar, dedicated to the Saint, in St. Peter's, amidst that galaxy of "Apostles, saints, and martyrs, which surrounds the body of the Fisherman, in the central shrine of Christendom. There he awaits the sight which he anticipated with so much joy." We feel sure that English readers, who will already be familiar with the world-wide reputation of the great preacher of the East, will be grateful to Miss Allies for putting within their reach these utterances of the "golden-mouthed."

5.—A WORD FOR ROSMINI.¹

The brochure of which we bring here the second edition to the notice of our readers contains three interesting essays on the writings of Rosmini. As appendix, there is added to it an "index and general division of Antonio Rosmini's works." A glance over the contents of these works, which count no less than one-and-thirty, suffices to give us an idea of the assiduous

¹ *Rosmini, a Christian Philosopher, as understood by his own School.* By the Rev. Stephen Eyre Jarvis. Second Edition. Printed at St. William's Press, Market Weighton, Yorkshire, 1888.

labour, the mental vigour, and wonderful energy of their author. Many readers are probably acquainted with the well-written and instructive history of his life which Father Lockhart presented to the English Catholic public. If so, they know Rosmini already as a philosopher of great originality, as a distinguished public man, as an exemplary priest, and as the founder of the Congregation of the Fathers of Charity. Those who wish to know something more definite about the character of his philosophy *as a whole*, find a great deal of the desired information in the essays of Father Stephen Eyre Jarvis.

The first of these opens an insight into the foundation of the whole philosophical system of Rosmini, the second gives a clear outline of his psychological doctrines; the third invites to the perusal of one of his best ascetical works.

The foundation of Rosmini's system is according to Father Eyre Jarvis, "the principle of the *innate* and *indeterminate* idea of *being* or *existence* as the natural object of the mind." (p. 4.) It appears from this that without an understanding of the value and the bearing of the intuition of ideal being as maintained by Rosmini, a fair judgment on his philosophical system is impossible. Hence Father Jarvis is perfectly right in expounding this subject with great care. After having explained the meaning of the principle, he summarizes the negative and positive proofs advanced by Rosmini in its support, and then points out some applications he made of it in defence of Christian truth. These expositions are interwoven with many passages drawn from the works of various Doctors of the Church, but chiefly from those of St Thomas. We consider the whole of this essay as also the second on Rosmini's Psychology as a very valuable and suggestive contribution to the history of philosophy. However, Father Jarvis's essays do not convince us that Rosmini's fundamental principles are in perfect harmony with reason, or with the teaching of St. Thomas. We should be sorry to dogmatize too confidently on this. We want only to state our opinion. In so far as we are able to understand the meaning of the term *idea* according to Rosmini and his followers, it is something objective, which has a sort of proper existence really distinct from the mind as thinking and from so-called real objects. In other words, ideas in the sense of the Rosminian school seem to have their own existence objective to thinking minds as a sort of middle-things between real things and mental acts. This we conclude from

what Father Jarvis says on pp. 9 and 11. We do not deny that original and great minds of old held a similar opinion, and that the views of some scholastic authors may seem to border on it more or less; yet we venture to deny that it is solid and in harmony with the principles of St. Thomas. We hold with St. Thomas and Suarez that the intellectual idea or mental word is in reality identical with the subjective act of the thinking mind, inasmuch as this act by its very nature is actually representative of and consequently really related to a real thing either immediately or mediately. It is immediately related to a real thing in our first intellectual cognitions, which, according to the testimony of experience and the doctrine of St. Thomas, are confused apprehensions of material things, and it is equally immediately related to real things in every other direct cognition. In reflex cognition the real thing to which the idea proximately refers is a mental act, whereas also in this case it relates remotely to a real thing, and is, therefore, not chimerical.¹

From this explanation there follows something which is one of several reasons for which we are opposed to Rosmini's indeterminate idea of being. For if we naturally intuit indeterminate being, this intuition must refer to something extra-mental. What shall this be? In our opinion there is nothing extra-mental but real things as they exist *in concreto*. On the other hand, indeterminate being is not univocally but analogically, as philosophers say, applicable both to increated and created being. Thus it would follow that we had a sort of dim intuition of God and creatures together, directly and naturally. This would be an opinion in some respect similar to that of Gioberti, a Catholic philosopher of our century, against whose exaggerated views Rosmini fought vigorously in his *Gioberti e il Panteismo*. We are, therefore, convinced that a mature reconsideration of his first principle would have led him to give it up. He has the great merit of having laid stress on the idea of *being* as unaccounted for on materialistic principles. But in our opinion he went a little farther than he ought have done. Other very good minds, among them Father Rothenflue, S.J., favoured for awhile his views, although they belonged or should have belonged to another school. And indeed, much may be said in excuse of the mistakes Rosmini and those authors made. They wrote many years before the study of philosophy on the

¹ Cf. St. Thomas in *Sent.* i. distinct. ii. q. 1, art. 3, § *Unde sciendum quod ipsa conceptio intellectus tripliciter se habet ad rem quæ est extra animam, &c.*

principles of St. Thomas was authoritatively recommended by the present Supreme Pontiff. The very short and difficult Latin text-books of scholastic philosophy existing at that time did not satisfy their inquisitive minds, nor did they see their way to adapt scholastic doctrines to the wants of our age. Thus they looked out for new openings in order to defend the common heirloom of Christian doctrine against Materialism and Pantheism. True they were not always successful in their speculations; but they brought to their work a great deal of mental ability, moral earnestness, and Christian enthusiasm.

For those high qualities Rosmini especially was distinguished. We look up to him with great respect, although we differ from his first principle. This difference of course must cause many others as regards philosophical explanations. Thus, for instance, we do not accept his philosophical views on the act of divine creation, on the nature and origin of the human soul, on the mystery of Transubstantiation,² and some other points. A study of St. Thomas for many years, and a repeated comparison of his views with those of various modern schools, has convinced us thoroughly that the metaphysical principles of St. Thomas and the philosophical tenets logically evolved from them, satisfy reason and experience. On the other hand, we agree heartily with Fathers Jarvis and Lockhart that a little more clearness of explanation in expounding Thomistic doctrines is desirable. This consideration was one of the reasons which moved the Editor of this periodical to start the *Manuals of Catholic Philosophy*. Let us hope that they will contribute a little to fill up the gap between Thomists and the followers of Rosmini. Our wish is that Father Jarvis's philosophical essays should be studied by all professors of philosophy and theology. We ourselves have drawn great profit from a careful perusal of their contents. For the rest it is useless to linger any longer on intellectual differences between two distinguished schools of Catholic philosophy. As the followers of both take their stand upon the ground of explicit Catholic doctrine, their disputes will only serve to bring out in the end the beauty and depth of that doctrine more fully, if they are carried on without bitterness, in a spirit of mutual esteem and charity, and of that loyalty and devotion to our Holy Mother the Church, of which Antonio Rosmini has set a noble example under hard trials.

Still a few words on the third essay of Father Jarvis. In it

² Cf. Father Jarvis's brochure, pp. 25, 26, 34, 35, 58.

he treats no longer of Rosmini as a philosopher in the ordinary sense of this word, but lets us glance at the depth of his supernatural philosophy, that is to say, he shows us from Rosmini's little book, *Maxims of Christian Perfection*, how deeply this holy man was imbued with the supernatural knowledge and love of the Eternal Wisdom of the Father, the Word Incarnate. The "Maxims" are one of the most charming spiritual works, the plan of which is based upon the petitions of our Lord's prayer. Rosmini wrote it under prayer and meditation, and it was so highly valued by his Catholic countrymen that it had a run of twelve editions in the original Italian. It has been translated into French, German, and English. The third English edition published by Burns and Oates contains an entirely new and elegant translation from the original, made by Canon Johnson, of Westminster, and bearing the *Imprimatur* of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. The price of the book is so moderate that it is placed within the reach of all. We hope those of our readers who are not yet acquainted with it will find soon opportunity to possess themselves of this charming treasure. If they read it in the same spirit in which it was written, their own experience will confirm the truth of the words of Father Lanzoni, the present General of the Institute of Charity, quoted by Father Jarvis (p. 70.): "Whoever reads this golden little book with attention, and meditates long on its contents, will find applicable to it what St. Augustine says of a certain Psalm, 'The more simple it appears, the more does it seem to me to be full of deep meaning.'"

6.—FROM ATHEISM TO COMPLETE TRUTH.¹

The popularization of explanations and proofs of the Catholic faith in all in its parts, is a prime necessity of the times. At present the enemy has it nearly all in his own hands. His indictment is pressed in a thousand ways and from a thousand quarters. But where is the general reader to look for the means to repel it? He may indeed find some excellent handling of detailed points. But the more fundamental questions have hardly been touched in a popular form, and certainly there is in this country no systematic presentation of the entire subject to be had anywhere.

¹ *Edgar, oder Vom Atheismus zur vollen Wahrheit.* Von L. von Hammerstein, Priester der Gesellschaft Jesu. Vierte Auflage (mit Anhang I. u. II). 3 Mark. Treier, Druck und Verlag der Paulinus-Druckerei, 1888.

The reflection is suggested by the little book which lies before us. Father von Hammerstein has undertaken to provide his fellow-countrymen with just the sort of popular manual which we are desiderating in England, and the fact that since its first appearance in 1886 it has passed through three editions and has reached its fourth, is a sign that the demand there is not less than it is with us. As the title indicates, the reasoning starts from the commencing stage of the religious process in a demonstration of the existence of God, and is continued up to its arrival at the threshold of the Catholic Church. The composition is by way of dialogue. A young law-student from Berlin falls sick in England during a summer holiday and is taken to a hospital under Sisters of Mercy. He is thus brought in contact with a priest who is a countryman of his own, a religious in exile under the Falk Laws. At first, through conversation and then through correspondence between these two, the argument is carried on in a clear and agreeable style until the young man declares himself to be convinced.

In estimating Father von Hammerstein's work, it is necessary to bear in mind the conditions under which he writes. His plan is comprehensive. It includes the Nature of Faith, various Proofs of God's existence and Miracles; the Authority of the Gospels, Prophecies, the Incarnation; Development of Doctrine, the Principle of Authority, Scripture and Tradition, Councils and Creeds, Papal Infallibility; Justification, Good Works, the Sacraments; the Moral Condition of Catholic and Protestant countries, and the Five Motive Causes of the Reformation. On the other hand, out of regard for the circumstances of readers who cannot be presumed capable of a prolonged effort of attention, the pages do not exceed three hundred in number. Then again metaphysics has to be eschewed as far as possible, and also all elaborate historical inquiries. So circumscribed, an author cannot hope to do more than supply a summary statement of the various points which his argument includes, and he must be content to pass unnoticed many difficulties which will suggest themselves to the keener and more erudite thinkers among his readers. If these considerations are borne in mind, it will be acknowledged that Father von Hammerstein has accomplished his task well. His readers will find satisfaction in many an article of Christian faith and profession which they are accustomed to hear challenged, and they will have some idea how to frame their reply. If they feel the need of further instruction the

author furnishes them with a very full catalogue of German Catholic literature whence they can obtain it.

The author is a better judge than we can be, of what is required by his countrymen, but, looking from an English point of view, we should be inclined to suggest that in future editions, if such there are to be, more expansion should at all events be given to one or two of the more fundamental points. Three in particular we would name. That self-existence involves infinity of perfections is a proposition which is most perplexing to a mind untrained in sound philosophy. Why cannot there be several self-existent beings, the reader will probably ask himself, and ask in vain. Again, the authority of the Gospel is a most vital position to secure. The external evidence is sketched in outline, and one or two items of internal evidence are supplied. But the latter are not altogether convincing and are certainly inadequate. On the other hand, there exists a rich mine of internal evidence from which to draw, and it is the sort of evidence which tells most with the modern mind. We should like to see it presented with some fulness. The main endeavour should be to enable the reader to recognize the ring of truth which is in the Gospels. The third point which appears to us to require expansion is that concerned with the Prophecies of the Old Testament. It is one that in the present state of Old Testament criticism, sound and unsound, bristles with difficulties, which the thoughtful reader is scarcely likely to be left unreminded of. He should be taught a little how to comport himself towards it.

We feel an inclination to suggest an English translation of *Edgar*. It would usefully supply our need, until something of home production can be obtained. Were such a translation, however, to be made, a few further modifications beyond those suggested, would be necessary to meet the requirements of the English mind, and we may add that the fastidiousness of an English public would not be satisfied unless more of reality and personal interest were infused into the framework of narrative.

Father von Hammerstein, along with much cordial approbation, has drawn down upon himself the natural penalty of a successful circulation in a shower of hostile criticisms. To these adversaries he replies in the Appendix to *Edgar*, and still more fully in an accompanying pamphlet, entitled *Die Gegner Edgars und ihre Leistungen*.

7.—THE PROBLEM OF CULTURE.¹

Half this pamphlet is a philosophical inquiry into the real nature of "Kultur." The word has grown into a kind of watchword in Germany, and, in some form or other, its sound has of late been so frequently wafted over from the battlefield of the Kultur-Kampf, that many of our readers will be glad to follow the author in his inquiry into the nature, the aim, and the progress of it.

The idea of culture, like that of civilization, is a development towards perfection, not of an isolated individual, but of at least a branch of the human race; culture, however, rises to a higher level, and implies a wider range of progress and perfection than what we are wont to call civilization. Culture branches out into three broad channels of development: material, social, and spiritual progress. Material progress busies itself with every kind of property, develops branches of industry, and opens out resources of wealth; social progress deals with laws, rights, customs, &c., which regulate social intercourse; spiritual progress lies in the direction of science, art, and every kind of knowledge.

So far all agree; but here those who believe in God, and those who disbelieve His existence, part company. The latter are lost in a mist of guess-work and doubt, with nothing but a dismal plunge into an abyss of non-existence or know-not-what-existence in the final distance; the former step onwards on the lines of ethics and religion, towards higher spheres of knowledge, and towards nobler paths of virtue, encouraged by distant vistas of endless, boundless hopes in a better world.

In connection with the inquiry into the first beginnings of culture, the author devotes several very interesting pages (pp. 63—83) to a searching consideration of the Darwinian theory of the evolution of man from the ape. Nowhere can the keen eye of scientific observation discover even a shadow of such a tendency actually at work among the existing generations of apes. Nor has a single vestige of a transformation-link ever been found among the fossil treasures which scientific industry or accident have unearthed. Skeleton remains of man have nowhere been found in positions which

¹ *Das Problem der Kultur.* By Robert von Nostitz-Rieneck, S.J. Herder, Freiburg, Baden, 1888.

point to an existence prior to that of human tools. Hence a number of the most distinguished German authorities on natural science, notably, Dr. Virchow, Professor J. Ranke, Secretary-General to the Anthropological Society, F. Ratzel, &c., whom the author quotes, though they sympathize with the idea of the evolution theory, plainly deny it any groundwork of proof. On the strength of such reasons and authorities, the author endorses the opinion that no race or tribe of men was ever wholly destitute of all culture, since no vestige of man can be found prior to evidences of design in work, although there are people of a very low degree of culture, whom we call barbarians.

Nor is there a possibility of hyper-culture, or culture overdone, so long as the progress on the various lines of culture is harmoniously balanced into due proportions. But some branch or branches may be pushed to the prejudice or to the neglect of others, with the result of a disproportion that might be called hyper-culture. History furnishes us with an instance of culture thus overdone in the later stages of the Roman Empire, where we find immense wealth and unbounded luxury not only side by side with yawning depths of poverty and distress, but also out of all proportion to the low, social, moral, and intellectual level of the favoured classes themselves.

Whenever new inventions, or discoveries, or some tidal wave of industry suddenly raise the material progress of a nation to an unaccustomed level, it is of the utmost importance that the social development should keep pace with the new demands on legislation, and the complicated regulations adjusting the relations of rich and poor, masters and servants, employers and employed, &c., which it would necessitate. Unless this be the case, the respective nation or nations are brought face to face with what is now known by the name of a "social question." At this very moment, for instance, the labour question forces itself imperatively upon the attention of almost all the nations of Europe. Neither is a question, which has grown to such dimensions, risen to such importance, and with which not only many vital interests of millions are bound up, but with which also their self-love and self-interests are closely identified, likely to find a peaceful, just, full, and lasting solution, unless the rich and the poor alike are guided by motives and considerations which only religion and a firm belief in eternal recompense can suggest.

Religion has achieved greater results in the past. Religion was the social power that first set its face against the most gigantic social wrong that ever enthralled the greater portion of the civilized world, the curse of slavery. Religion enkindled the first glow of Western civilization amid the swamps and forests of Germany, Gaul, and Great Britain; even now the missionaries whom it sends forth are pioneers of civilization in every part of Africa, in Australia, and in the Rocky Mountains. No doubt also all those who are at the head of the spreading tide of colonization, unfurl the banner of civilization, but it is, as it were, by the way; their main object and motive is not the desire to improve the negro or the Kaffir, but to enrich themselves; whereas the missionary looks to no advantage of his own; he wholly spends himself on behalf of those to whom he has been sent.

Such are some of the leading thoughts of the pamphlet before us. The author has fully mastered his subject, both in theory and in all its various bearings on social life. His pages give to the attentive and intelligent reader a comprehensive summary of, and, at the same time, a deep insight into the drift and flow of social life and progress. The author has skilfully availed himself of the rich resources of the German language for philosophical discussion. He has succeeded in throwing a strong and healthy light on many of the most important and pressing social questions of the day.

8.—NEW FAIRY TALES.¹

From Germany—the land of fairy-stories—we have received a new volume of fancy-woven tales, destined for the entertainment, as we are told, of “Children young and old.” The Authoress, a Catholic writer well-known in her own country, has for years been a great sufferer; she whiles away the hours of sickness by employing her talents—and the power of writing fairy-tales is not a common gift—with the good and useful object of familiarizing the minds of the young with the religious truths, which a State system of education banishes from the

¹ *New Fairy Tales, for Children young and old.* Told by Aunt Emmy. With Forty Illustrations. Donauwörth: Lewis Auer, 1889.

public schools. Her writings, sent forth with a twofold clerical *Imprimatur* of Bishop and Cathedral Provost, have been well received in Germany, and it is to be hoped that they will meet with a cordial welcome in England when they now, for the first time, find their way to us across the sea, clothed in an English dress.

In each of the tales contained in "Aunt Emmy's" volume some moral lesson or Christian precept is inculcated, such as the necessity of humility, of patience, of gratitude for benefits received; the duty of forgiveness, of filial piety, of charity to one's fellow-men and kindness to the brute creation. Nor is distinctly Catholic doctrine avoided; prayers for the dead, the worship of saints and angels, &c., are incidentally, not ostentatiously mentioned. We cannot, however, help thinking that in some cases truth is too closely intertwined with fiction, the real and unreal denizens of the unseen world being mixed up in a manner that might cause some measure of confusion in the juvenile mind; for example, in *The Mannikins of the Mist*, two children benighted and lost on a mountain pray to their angel guardian, and are conducted by him to a party of benevolent pygmies, by whom they are royally entertained, and on the morrow driven in a lilliputian coach and six, loaded with wonderful presents, to their mother's door. The judgments of Heaven on the ungodly too, in some instances resemble too nearly the spells malignant spirits are supposed to cast over their victims, as when a haughty countess is transformed by God, as is expressly stated (p. 96), into a cackling and crowing hen in order to bring her to repentance; or when a maiden is "enchanted" as a divine punishment for irreverence shown to the Sacred Passion, and condemned to sleep for a hundred years, until a poor but pious youth, like the Prince in a more familiar tale, armed with a "magic ring," breaks the charm, and restores her to life and beauty. Some of the stories, however, are fairy tales pure and simple, such as "Silky Hair," "Elsa's Spindle," and the "Little Charcoal Princess;" whilst on the other hand, "The Little Girl who looked for Heaven," the "Christmas-box of the Poor Orphan," and others, are sweet and touching tales, with much of tender pathos, and little, if anything, of the impossible about them. To the latter category belongs the last. "About a little Nightingale," is perhaps one of the prettiest of all, and from it we will give a short extract. The songster, though a captive, had become resigned

to its fate, and had learned that there were worse misfortunes than that of being a prisoner.

Our little warbler from the wood became from day to day more virtuous. There were no complaints now, but it was pleased with its fate, only sometimes one slight doubt troubled it. "What use am I of, after all? I am good for nothing, and live without gaining any merit. Life would be more pleasant to me, if I only knew to what purpose it was!" But this, alas, was soon to be made clear to the inquisitive little creature.

Not far from the baronet's house, behind the closed windows of a rather big house, lived a sick person. For a series of years she had been subject to much suffering, sleepless nights and privations; she could see from her bed the oriel window with the nightingale's cage, and this was an unexpected pleasure to her, as she was fond of all animals. . . .

Everything was quiet all around, only her dear little neighbour sung sweetly mournful melodies. And this was each time a real God-send to the sufferer. She felt with the bird, and even understood without words what its song meant.

"Liberty! freedom from earthly fetters! Liberty in the eternal light of the Deity!"

Once more a beautiful, solemn summer night had passed, and once more the invalid had listened with delight to the song, and then, worn out, had gone to sleep. Smilingly, with her head turned towards the oriel window, she lay with a peacefully pale face, her hands folded, as if in prayer! One could have supposed her lips were moving, but it was not so, she had become freed from life's sorrows, and had gone to the long desired home where eternal spring reigns.

"The poor sick lady over there died last night," the baronet was told at breakfast by his wife; "I visited her not long ago, she was so fond of hearing our nightingale sing! 'Your dear little bird,' she said to me, 'is the consolation and joy of my sleepless nights; I even fancy that God sent it here on purpose for my sake, to give pleasure to His sick child. (p. 245.)"

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Father Genelli's *Life of St. Ignatius*¹ has for some time been out of print in England, and we are glad to see that it has now re-appeared among us. It is one of the most interesting Lives of the Saint that has been written. Its distinguishing characteristic is the extensive use made of his letters, and the special development of his wonderful skill as a Superior and a ruler of men. This Life whets our anxiety for the time when we shall have in English a complete collection of the letters of St. Ignatius. Several volumes have been already published by the Fathers of the Spanish Province, and are a treasure which has been too long withheld from us. Meanwhile we recommend Father Genelli's Life as furnishing us with the best means of obtaining an insight into the character of the Saint. As we read of his dealings with his subjects, with his enemies, and with the prelates of the Church, we cannot fail to be struck by the combination of firmness with gentleness, of determined advocacy of the cause of the Society of Jesus, with an unlimited patience and spirit of conciliation towards those who opposed him. But we must not enter on this topic, we will rather refer our readers to the new edition of a book which will be as welcome to them as to ourselves.

The Catholic Truth Society has just issued a *penny* book of Meditations for Lent.² The subjects chosen, as the title-page indicates, are drawn from the Sacred Passion; and a well divided consideration is assigned to each day. There is an introductory Meditation on "How to meditate on the Passion," which will be found very useful. There is a great wealth of thought in these short pages; and the applications of the truths

¹ *Life of St. Ignatius of Loyola.* By Father Genelli. New York: Benziger Brothers; London: Burns and Oates.

² *The Sacred Passion of Jesus Christ.* Short Meditations for every day in Lent. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

considered are as practical, as the thoughts and aspirations suggested are devout. We humbly recommend this little book to the notice of all, and desire to see it known and used as widely as possible. It is well printed and neatly got up.

*St. Alphonsus' Prayer Book*¹ is a beautiful selection of prayers from the works of the Saint. One of his spiritual children, Father St. Omer, has collected from his ascetical and dogmatic writings, and arranged in an order suited for the wants of ordinary Christians, the different prayers which are scattered up and down his works. There are prayers to our Lord and to our Lady, for every day of the month; there are Novenas to the Sacred Heart and to the Holy Ghost, beside morning prayers, night prayers, Devotions for every day in the week, Devotions to the Sacred Heart, Devotions to the Infant Jesus, Devotions to St. Joseph, Devotions to various Saints, and Devotions for the souls in Purgatory; Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and, in fact, everything a Christian can need, all bearing the high recommendation of proceeding from the heart of one who burned with love to God and knew how to infuse this love into the hearts of others. Such a prayer book will be specially dear to those who know by experience the work that is done for God by the Congregation which St. Alphonsus founded.

A new edition has just appeared of Tauler's *Meditations on the Life and Passion of our Lord*.² Tauler was a Dominican who lived at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and was celebrated as a preacher and a theologian. He is praised by Bossuet as one of the most solid and exact of all mystical writers. He is said to have been the first ascetic who drew a clear distinction between the purgative, illuminative, and unitive ways. He is essentially an effective writer. These meditations appeal to the affections and the intellect only in a secondary degree. In this his method differs not a little from that of St. Ignatius and the Jesuit school. Each method will have its own admirers, and what recommends itself to one will not recommend itself to others. These meditations are divided into fifty-four chapters and may be profitably used as "devout exercises" for every day in Lent.

¹ *St. Alphonsus' Prayer Book*. Selections from his Works by Father St. Omer. Translated by G. M. Ward. New York: Benziger Brothers.

² *Meditations on the Life and Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ*. By Dr. John Tauler, O.P. London: T. Baker, Soho Square.

The Catholic Truth Society have just issued the 130th thousand of their *A Simple Prayer Book*,¹ with some additions. We believe this is the largest sale of any Catholic book in England, except, of course, the Penny Catechism. It proves the excellence of the book as well as the efficient activity of the Catholic Truth Society.

Out of Father Christie's Poem on the End of Man, the same Society has published two little selections: one of *Rosary Verses*,² each Mystery being described by Father Christie in some half dozen suitable stanzas, and the other on the *Stations of the Cross*,³ which he has treated similarly, devoting a few appropriate lines to each. The *Rosary Verses* have already reached a second edition.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The whole of the contents of the February number of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* merits careful perusal. The opening article, by Father Hoensbroech, is a clear and ably-written essay on the Temporal Power of the Pope, explaining how essential is the absolute independence of her Head to the constitution of the Church, and to the exercise of her supernatural mission. A concise and yet comprehensive account is given by Father Hagen of the astonishing discoveries wherewith astronomical science has, by means of spectral analysis, been enriched in late years in regard to the nature of the sun, and the singular phenomena observable during an eclipse. A paper from Father Meschler's gifted pen is always welcome. He takes as his subject our Lord's teaching and preaching, and attributes the irresistible charm and persuasive eloquence which caused the multitudes to hang with intense interest on the lips of the Divine Speaker, not only to the supernatural power at His command, but also to the perfection of the natural qualities and powers wherewith His Sacred Humanity was endowed. Father Baumgartner, reviewing the sixth volume of Dr. Janssen's excellent *History of the German people*, sketches slightly the general decadence in all branches of popular art and literature during the sixteenth century, owing to the spread of unbelief, the religious

¹ *A Simple Prayer Book*. One Hundred and Thirtieth Thousand. London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square.

² *Rosary Verses*. By the Rev. A. J. Christie. London: Catholic Truth Society.

³ *Stations of the Cross*. By the same. London: Catholic Truth Society.

animosities, and political disturbances of that unhappy period. The absurd calumnies flung at the Society of Jesus by some recent German novels are commented on by Father Kreiten. The mere publication of such romances speaks ill for the common sense of the reading public of his country.

The first issue of the *Katholik* for this year opens with some remarks suggested by the centenary of the French Revolution. The writer, casting a retrospective glance over the ecclesiastical events of the past hundred years, and comparing the condition of the Church at the close of the eighteenth century with her status at the present time, finds cause for rejoicing, gratitude, and hope. An essay on Prayer, of which the first instalment is given, is both interesting and instructive. It treats of the nature and necessity of prayer, and its significance as offered by man and addressed to God. From the pen of no less an authority than the great historian Dr. Janssen, we have a short monograph on the deplorable corruption of morals among the upper classes of society in the sixteenth century, as portrayed in the reminiscences of a certain Ritter Hans of Schleswig. Students of history will be interested in a chapter taken with slight alterations from the valuable *History of the Popes*, recently published by Professor Pastor, which reviews the circumstances attendant on the election of Pope Paul the Second and the various political intrigues and negotiations connected with it. The remaining contents of the *Katholik* consist of an account of the foundation and consecration of the splendid Benedictine Abbey of Maredsous in Belgium, the construction of which, completed in 1888, extended over a period of fifteen years; a short essay on the Latinity of the Middle Ages; and a biographical notice of Dr. F. X. Witt, the reformer of Church music, and founder of the Society of St. Cecilia, who died in December of last year.—R.I.P.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (927, 928) enlarges on the statement made by the Holy Father in his recent letter, to the effect that all the ills that afflict modern society take their rise in rebellion against all authority, human and divine, in apostasy from God and His Church, and that the sole remedy to be found is a return to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In the essay on the French Revolution, continued and concluded in the numbers before us, a series of sketches are given to exhibit the truly satanic character of the principles which after darkening France, cast their baneful shadow over all Europe. The miserable end

of the ringleaders, and the calamities brought on the country, show how illusory are the promises of the Revolution, by which evil is substituted for good, and vice for virtue. The formal condemnation of Rosmini's propositions suffices to make him a hero and martyr in the eyes of the Liberals. The *Civiltà* draws attention to the proposal to erect a monument to his memory, to which the clergy are especially invited to subscribe, as a protest against the action of the Holy See. Such a proposal with this intent is an insult, not an honour, to a man of great holiness who, had the errors in his system of philosophy been condemned in his lifetime, would have unhesitatingly submitted to the decision of Rome. The *Civiltà* has also a word to say upon a question of vital importance to Italy, namely, the extent of her financial embarrassments. The pressure of fiscal burdens has become almost intolerable, industrial distress is clamorous, emigration from Italy to America every year assumes larger proportions. These troubles, economical and social, have gradually increased ever since the Government declared open enmity to the Papacy, and laid violent hands on the property of the Church.

The letter of Leo the Thirteenth inviting the Armenian Christians to return to unity, is the subject of the opening article in the *Études* for February. The answer of the Patriarch of the Gregorian (schismatical) Church is given; it displays ignorance of Scripture and of ecclesiastical history; the point at issue is the acknowledgment of the Supremacy of Rome. Father St. Coubé continues his account of his visit to the Coromandel coast in a second article, which will be read with no less pleasure than his former one. Father Soullier, writing on the subject of the Gregorian chant, about which so much has been said lately, tells us that the researches of the last fifty years have failed to discover definitely what the ancient text really was. A brief but most agreeably written review is given of the interesting explorations and discoveries made on the site of classic Troy; Father Desjardins contributes a further instalment of the essay on the history and nature of the right of *régale*; and the movement in favour of a change in the educational system of China forms the theme of the closing article. The admission of the sciences into the curriculum of study in China is important as giving influence over the upper classes to the Catholic Missioner, who alone in China is capable of imparting the required instruction.

